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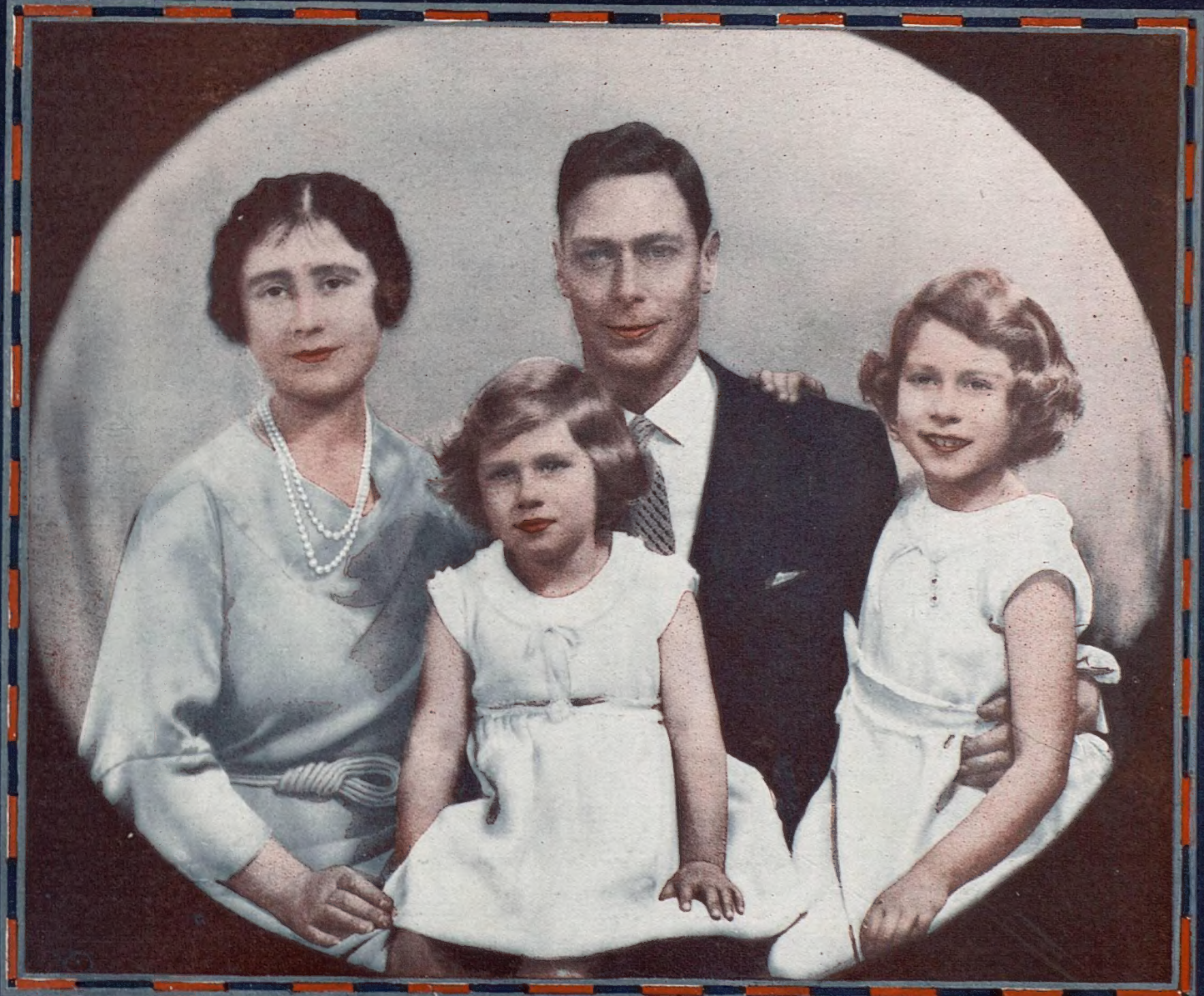
Vol: CXLVII, No: 1926

THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 19, 1936
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" & "THE GRAPHIC"

The SPHERE

THE ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE VI

and the abdication of King Edward VIII



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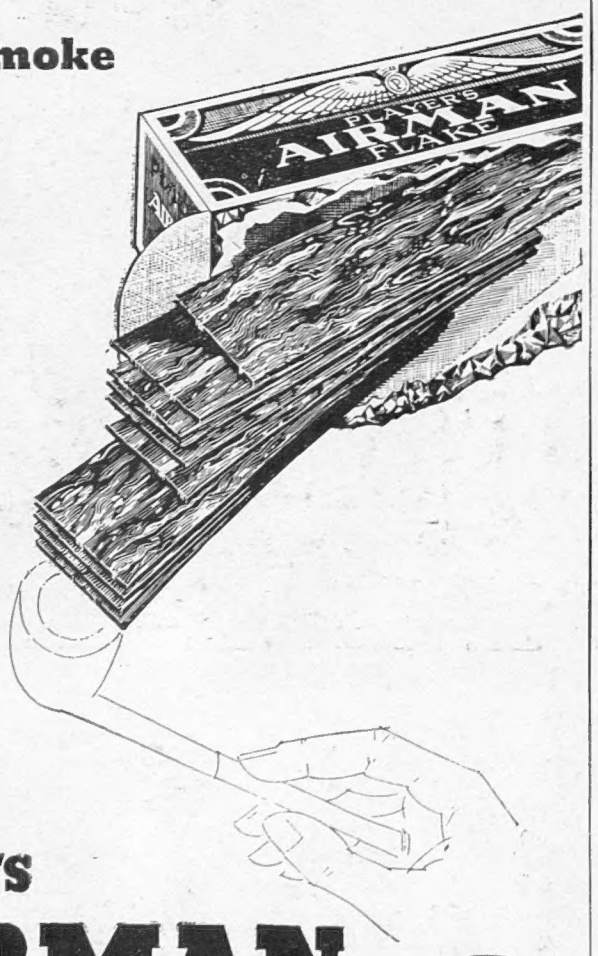

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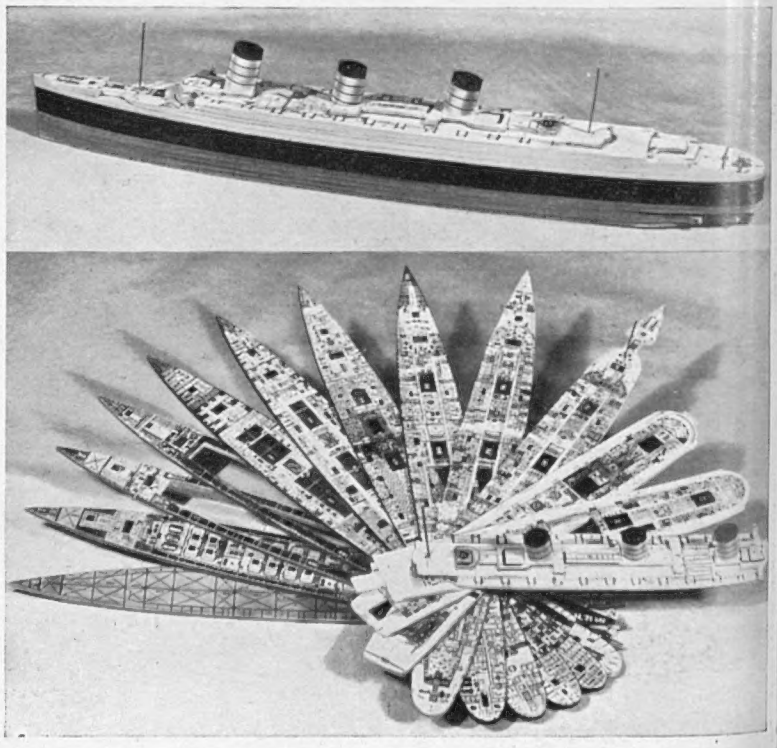

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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVII
No. 1926

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DEC. 19
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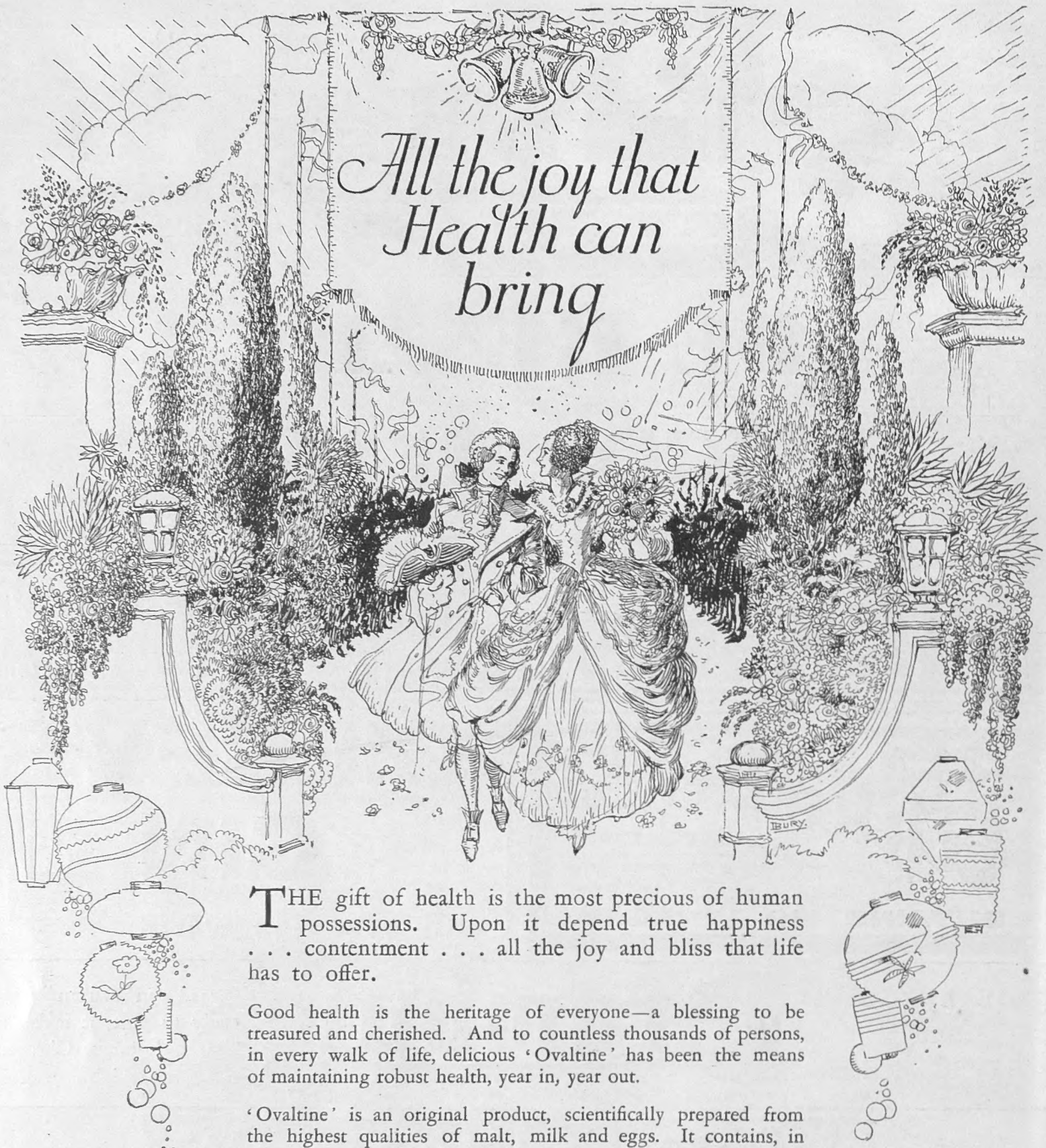

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P 89A

Volume CXLVII. No. 1926

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 19, 1936

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI: *From the Royal Academy painting by Meredith Frampton, A.R.A.*

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4d.

LONDON NEWSLETTER

The Incredible Week Passes By

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, December 16, 1936.

ABDICATION. — The constitutional crisis is over. We begin to emerge from what will seem to us to have been a nightmare of Ruritania. King Edward has decided. The long days of his agony of indecision are over and he has decided to sign away his divine right and glorious destiny for what seems to him to-day at once the best for his individual happiness and Mrs. Simpson's, and the honourable and patriotic course to take. Let no man dare to cast a stone of criticism. Every sane man will cry aloud for silence and amnesty. Our most sacred beliefs and intimacies have for weeks been the peep-show of civilisation and we offer our profound gratitude to all the responsible institutions and Press organs which have so generously and honourably exercised the restraint which decency requires; all who have resisted a rich occasion for commercialising a private tragedy. Those, especially Britons, who did not resist the temptation, we shall not easily forgive

HIS STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.—In making his decision the Duke of Windsor has surely not thought only for himself or for the lady whose name and fame are linked with his. He has made a decision which will prove to be in the best interests of the nation. Those nearest him must know that, as long ago as King George's first illness, when the expectation of instant accession came to the Prince of Wales in East Africa, he suddenly found himself wanting in one or more of those essential qualities of modern kingship. He doubted his ability to stay the course; the rigid, terrible conditions imposed on the symbol of Empire. If fate had treated him kindlier, if he could have married younger, as his successor married, and found happiness and help with an ideal partner, all might have been different, everything must have been made easier. In his relations with the public, no man ever showed more genius for kingship, but it is very doubtful if modern kingship can be allied successfully with dazzling human attributes. Sternest sense of duty, self-sacrifice, restraint, commonsense, and everlasting industry, calmness, patience, and regularity, are the qualities which alone can make for success in that tremendous post of responsibility and isolation. King Edward's outstanding qualities need no further stressing. His outstanding weakness was in the choice of his friends, in his judgment of character and of what was seemly for one in his position. He could not see that as Prince and King his private affairs must be directed by the same standards as his public duties.

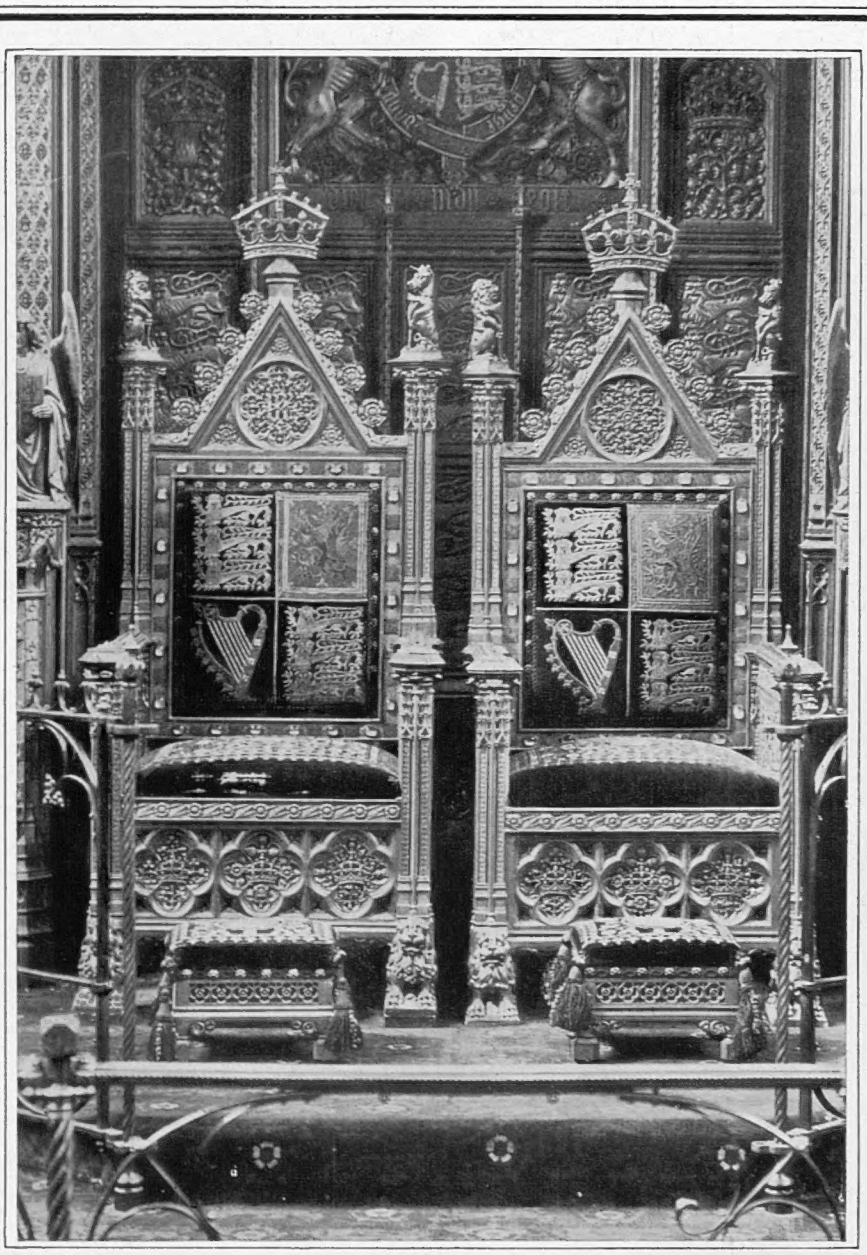
A PLEA FOR DECENCY AND SILENCE.—Now he will be thankful, as we, if for a while the limelight of publicity may play no more on him. "Vex not his soul. They hate him that would upon the rack of this rough world stretch him out further." Every decent man, with horror, would see the tormentors preparing for further attacks and new tortures. "The real King Edward," "Edward the man; an intimate study," "the private life of . . ."—one can almost see the "live" publishers and journalists, squaring elbows and licking lips before the feast. Is there a faint hope that Christian decency will spare us and him this further humiliation? I doubt it—civilisation is Babel, and there is a great minority that does not speak the language of the majority.

GEORGE VI.—What of his successor? He will be known to us as George VI. It was that name which brought the throne to the pinnacle of glory, respect, influence and, vitally, of power. If in his humility he feel he is not qualified to follow a king with the winning gifts of his brother, let him remember that when his father came to the throne we did not know what were the qualities which democratic sovereignty demanded. We know now that they are stern qualities, not dazzling; plain, not coloured. His father started without enthusiastic encouragement, and died in a blaze of glory knowing, as few men who achieve great things ever know, the measure of his success, comforted by the warmth of nation-wide respect and almost personal affection. The new king possesses many of his father's great qualities, and like his father, is blessed in his marriage and blessed in his Queen whom the nation long since took to its heart as it has since taken her daughters. We believe that the best counsel which his advisers could give him, if indeed he need encouragement, would be: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. The Nation is well aware how you have done your duty in the past. It asks no more than that you should go on as you have begun. The great prestige of the British throne remains unshaken and remains immensely high. The whole Empire is with you in your task and is satisfied that you are equal to it."

PROSPECTS FOR A NEW REIGN.—It is hard for a middle-aged man to realise that he has "lived under five reigns." That was once a proof of longevity. To-day at least it gives opportunity to those who can remember the

beginnings of some of these reigns to offer words of hope and encouragement. The times were dark and perilous when the last three sovereigns ascended the throne. For in 1902, if peace, prosperity, and security had a face value, they had little real basis. The world was rotten to decay. When King George ascended the throne, we were on the eve of the great upheaval and felt very little confidence about our means to weather it. When King Edward VIII succeeded, the throne had been established more firmly than ever in its long history, but it and our Empire stood as a lonely rock in a wild sea, and, if they seemed almost the sole permanency in the changing scene, little sense of security was linked to that sense of permanency. To-day the situation in the world is perhaps as menacing and dark as ever it was, but the new King is happy in his accession on two counts at least. The bright shield which his father burnished is undimmed. Nothing has come which has tarnished it. The throne is as strongly established as ever, a symbol and a life's dedication. The man now called on to wear the crown has proved that he will not fall short in duty, in restraint, in industry, and in sacrifice. The nation and the Empire stand solidly behind him in sympathy and loyalty.

A TOWER OF STRENGTH.—More than this. Good has come out of bad. The mischief of factions and enemies of his country is undone at a stroke. Mr. Baldwin has once more emerged as a great Prime Minister, a great gentleman, and a large-hearted man. His natural reserve, his hatred of the weapons of publicity, tend in a vulgar, strident age to diminish his stature in the eyes of the superficial, the unreasoning, and the foolish. To-day the nation sees him again as he is, and he and his Government stand high and solid, facing the storms which blow over Europe. The cause of National Government (and the need for it) never stood firmer nor clearer. No other man in England could have conducted the late crisis with the decency, calmness, dignity, and strength shown by Mr. Baldwin. Such is the man who stands at the right hand of the new King. It is a thought which must inspire him with confidence and immensely reduce any natural sense of diffidence. For Mr. Baldwin is not only a strong counsellor and friend. He is the man who has brought good out of evil, and "half redeemed our fame," of late dimmed in the eyes of Europe. In the late troubles he has made us greater and closed our ranks.



TWO THRONES ONCE AGAIN on the dais of the House of Lords

THE VITAL EVENTS AND DATES.—The constitutional crisis has been an event in history which will bulk large even in a school text book. As an abdication, it had a unique ground, and is surrounded by unique features. Some of these must be recorded. The text of the King's abdication announcement is printed in full in this issue. Mr. Baldwin's speech which followed the reading of the message by the Speaker will go down in Parliamentary history as another unique phenomenon. With no time for preparation, Mr. Baldwin delivered himself in truth not of a speech but of an informal narrative of events, more suitable under normal conditions for the fireside or for one of those intimate wireless talks which are a feature of social life to-day. He was obviously tired out, but he was very sure of himself, knowing that the House and country were with him and that he had done what no other man could have done better. He had failed splendidly and enhanced his own reputation as no success could have done. From his narrative the vital dates in the crisis can be assembled and deserve to be tabulated. October 20: Premier warned the King of the harm being done by American Press gossip and of the implications of Mrs. Simpson's impending divorce. November 16: Following the decree nisi pronounced at Ipswich, Premier warned the King that the Empire would not stand his marriage to Mrs. Simpson who, as the King's wife, must thereby become Queen. On that day the King told the Premier of his unalterable determination to marry her and of his willingness "to go." From that decision the King never wavered. His final decision was therefore postponed for nearly a month, only a part of which was passed in negotiations for a compromise. The next date was November 25. Before that, the morganatic marriage compromise had been put before Mr. Baldwin and on this day the King put it himself to the Premier, and Mr. Baldwin agreed to "test" it by reference to Cabinet and Empire Governments. On December 2 the result—a clear negative—was reported to the King. The next seven days were occupied by the King in solving the dilemma which now contained no loopholes. He made it on December 9, considered the Cabinet's plea for reconsideration the same night, and his reiterated decision was made public on December 10. On the 11th the necessary measure to give effect to the abdication and to resettle the succession passed through all its stages in a couple of hours, and became law early in the afternoon.

THE BROADCAST.—That evening the ex-King dined at Royal Lodge, a family farewell dinner at which Queen Mary was present. Earlier at Fort Belvedere he had given some attention to the wording of his broadcast with the help of Mr. Monckton and the agreement of the new King. Just before 10 o'clock he drove alone to Windsor Castle and in the Augusta Tower, sitting alone by the fire in a half-furnished room, he delivered his message to the whole world, announced by Sir John Reith, as "H.R.H. Prince Edward." The words could hardly fail to be moving because of the poignancy of the occasion and the historic importance of the event. If to some there came a sense of disappointment, almost of bathos, that was not surprising. He was probably completely worn out. Thinking it over after hearing the broadcast, one realised that Edward VIII could, after all, tell nothing which was not already known, advance no argument which had not already been taken into consideration. When the climax of his short address came: "Now . . . I lay down my burden," nothing had been said which might check the swift question on a million tongues: "Why? In the name of wisdom and duty, why?" But what is done, is done. Edward VIII chose the words of an Englishman and a gentleman and his last thought was for fair play for his successor. And so he passed into private life and returned alone to Fort Belvedere to make his final arrangements for leaving the country for Austria. On that same date 248 years ago James II left his royal palace and abandoned his throne.

PROCLAMATION.—It was only the other day that with age-old pageantry the Heralds proclaimed a new King. On Saturday they were word perfect in their parts and needed no dress rehearsals. Nor was there any evidence that the public was tired of pageantry, or felt a keen longing to turn once more to ordinary topics of conversation and the business of normal life. At Friary Court, at Charing Cross, at Temple Bar, and at the Royal Exchange, the crowds were as dense and animated as they were "only the other day," and in Edinburgh (small wonder), at the Mercat Cross, at Holyrood and at Leith, they were more enthusiastic than ever before. Earlier in the day, huge crowds had lined the streets and park to watch King George drive across to St. James's Palace to take the Oath of Accession before the Accession Council. He had been at work continuously during all the waking hours of the previous day and of that morning. And so for many days to come, it must be. He, his Ministers, legal advisers, secretaries, the ex-King's secretaries, the Earl Marshal's department, the Lord Chancellor's, the Lord Chamberlain's and all the other Household offices, must cover an immense field of research into precedent, of re-adjustment, of re-organisation, before the business of State once more moves forward on oiled wheels as in the days of King George V.

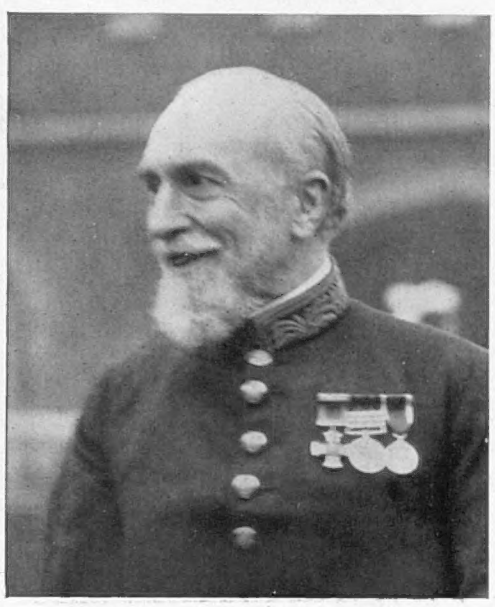
TIDYING UP.—There is unfortunately no doubt that a tremendous lot of important Government time has been wasted in 1936. Some of it history must adjudge to have been waste, pure and simple, of invaluable time and energies vital to the internal and external service of the country and Empire in critical days. Acts of God have accounted for a good deal more. The demise of the Crown and the coronation business and procedure have alike employed and will continue to employ much of the attention of Ministers of State. Now once more the Constitution is established for a return of smooth and punctual working of State business, and the relief of all concerned is already immensely felt. A process of tidying up lies before us and it will be accomplished with the least possible disturbance, and gradually. At all costs a "general post" is to be avoided. The date of the Coronation remains unchanged and is but five months distant. In the Royal Household, certain changes will be inevitable, some of the ex-King's appointments will fall vacant by retirement and other changes will gradually follow. But it is expected that continuity will be maintained by the building up of the new secretariat on the old, which is experienced and efficient and in admirable relation with the Ministers and Departments and Press. In the gradual "tidying up" there is good reason to hope that notice will be taken of words dropped by Mr. Attlee in his last utterance on the late crisis, throughout which, speaking for the Labour Opposition, he maintained great restraint, dignity, and good sense. He suggested, what many feel, that the change-over might well indicate, in the appointments to the new King's Household, the admission that the King of England is King of all England; of every class and not of one or two, the aristocracy or the well to do. One hopes that this point will not be lost sight of.

THE OLD STAGER

THE CRISIS IS OVER—AND THE

REPRESENTATIVES OF GOVERNMENT AND OPPOSITION: Sir Kingsley Wood (*left*), the Minister of Health, and Sir Archibald Sinclair (*right*), the leader of the Liberals, pictured as they arrived at St. James's Palace for the meeting of the Accession Council last Saturday

THE KING DRIVES TO ST. JAMES'S PALACE: His Majesty, accompanied of the Accession Council. It was there that he made the "Declaration" to you My adherence to the strict principles of constitutional gover



PILLARS OF CITY LIFE: Sir George Broadbridge, London's Coronation year Lord Mayor, driving in state from the Mansion House to attend the inauguration of the new reign. *Right*—Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, looked particularly well in Court dress

A NOTABLE TRIO: The Speaker of the House of Commons, impartial as ever, stood between Sir Herbert Samuel (Liberal) and Mr. Winston Churchill (Conservative). The last named, who played a big part behind the scenes in the crisis, wore the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House

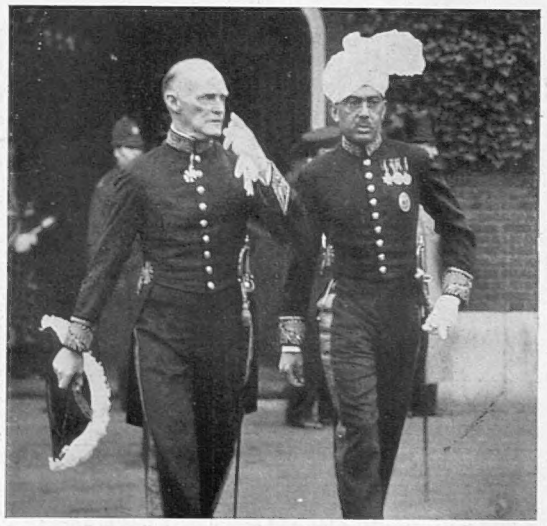
KING AND PREMIER: *Above*—Another impression of His Majesty *Right*—Mr. Baldwin seemed a happier man on this Saturday dispelled with the stability of the throne ensured. Standing behind

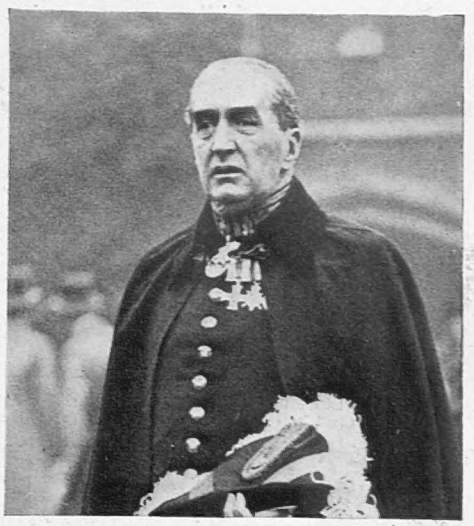
ACCESSION COUNCIL MEETS

by Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, on the way from his home to the meeting beginning—"Now that the duties of Sovereignty have fallen to Me I declare ment and solemnly resolve to work for the welfare of the British Commonwealth"

OFFICIAL FINERY: Two more notabilities who attended the meeting of the Council. *Left*—Sir Frederick Sykes, who in his long career has been chairman of so many Government Committees. *Right*—Sir Thomas Inskip, the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence

taken as he left 145, Piccadilly en route to St. James's Palace. morning of the accession, his cares of the week of crisis finally him is Sir John Davidson, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster





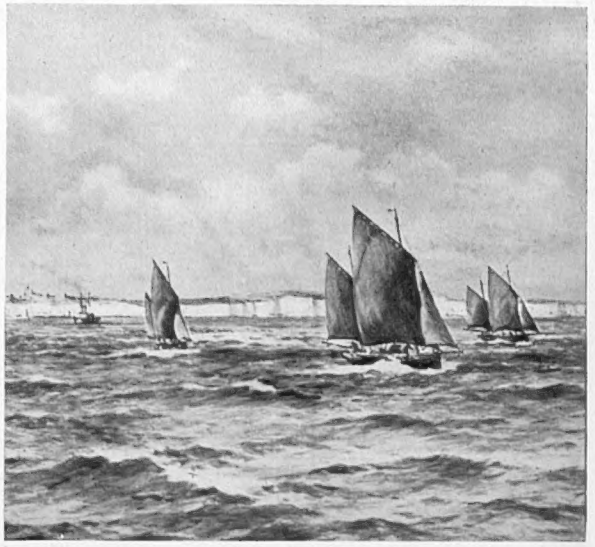
PERSONALITIES OF THE COMMONWEALTH: Men who signed the Accession document on behalf of their respective Governments. *Left*—The High Commissioner for India whose turban headdress struck a picturesque note. *Right*—Mr. Stanley Bruce, the High Commissioner for Australia since 1933

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY: Mr. Bingham, the American Ambassador; Sir George Broadbridge, the Lord Mayor; and Clarenceux King of Arms, Mr. A. W. S. Cochrane, drinking a loyal toast at the Mansion House after the Proclamation of the Accession from the Royal Exchange

FACETS of the WEEK of STRESS

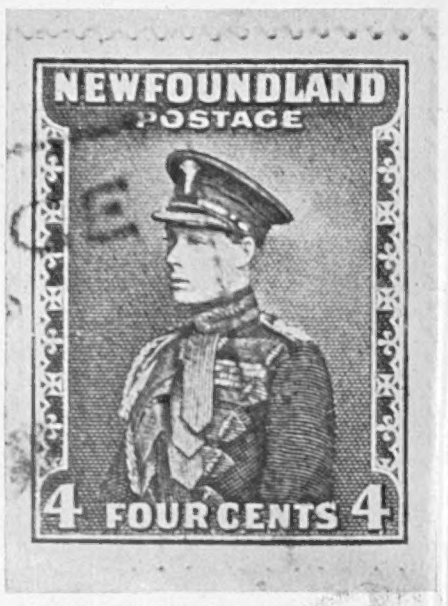
Including Its Effect upon Stamp Issues and Upon Coronation Preparations

THE FOCAL POINT OF THE NATIONAL LIFE: Buckingham Palace which once again becomes the home of a united Royal family. In past decades it has been the scene of many a gathering, the people of the capital thronging there in times of joy and times of sorrow to demonstrate their loyalty and devotion to the throne

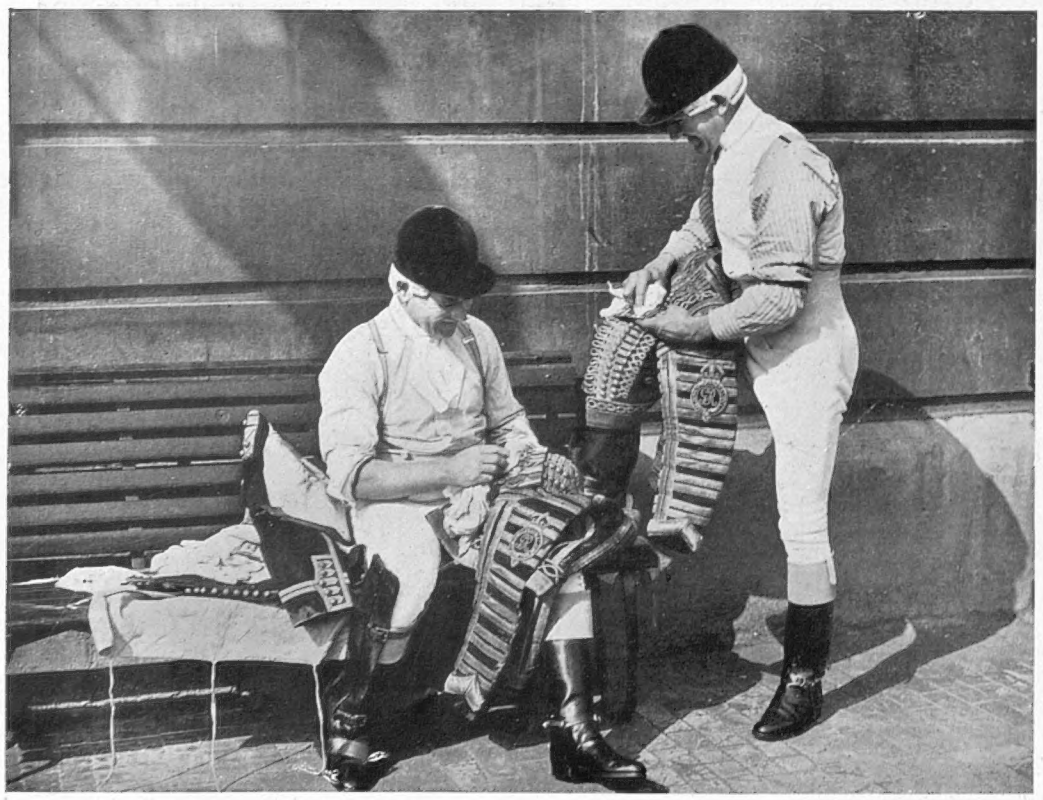


PROPHETIC: This scene in the Channel was chosen by Edward VIII as his Christmas card for 1936. The choice certainly has a bearing on his own sailing away

LONDON'S WELCOME FOR KING GEORGE: A section of the huge crowd that gathered outside No. 145, Piccadilly to cheer His Majesty on his return from Windsor on the night of his brother's abdication. Many of the people waited for hours



THE POSTAGE STAMP QUESTION: One of the awkwardnesses of the abdication is that there are great stocks of postage stamps in existence bearing the effigy of Edward VIII. The Dominions have them too, as the above example from Newfoundland evidences. Many question whether these daily reminders of the reign should continue to remain in circulation



BACK TO G.R.: Once again the old familiar monogram comes back into use and by its very employment creates a link between this new reign and that reign of nearly twenty-six years during which the throne achieved a status in the eyes of the people that has been unequalled at any time in England's history

THE NOW USELESS EFFIGIES: Another and very serious by-product of the sudden change in the monarchy is the fact that a large number of firms have been for many months manufacturing all kinds of portrait and monogram devices for use on houses and stands at the Coronation. What is to be done with these and with the 7,000,000 mugs? Fortunately a number of the latter are already sold as souvenirs but not by any means all of them

THE STORY OF GEORGE VI

A Pictorial Record of the Life of the Newly Proclaimed King Emperor

KING GEORGE VI IN THE UNIFORM OF A POST CAPTAIN: Like his father before him our new monarch's early calling was essentially that of the sea, and he was fitted for this in the normal way by spending two years at Osborne and two at Dartmouth. The record of his career in the Navy is one of which he has good cause to be proud, especially his period of active service, which included participation in the Battle of Jutland. His Majesty became an acting-Lieutenant in 1916, a Lieutenant in 1918, a Commander in 1920, a Captain in 1925, and a Rear-Admiral in 1932. With his accession he now attains the highest rank

KING GEORGE—MONARCH AND TECHNICIAN

His Knowledge of Physics, Economics, Engineering, and Other Subjects that Has Stood Him in Good Stead in His Great Effort to Aid Industry

THE light in Prince Albert of Coburg's study, extinguished these many years, burns again; but it is a modern lamp . . . and, if we know relatively little of this great-grandson of his it is largely his own fault and the result of the inestimable advantage of his handicaps. His stammer, his ill-health, and his years of second-sonship have permitted him to develop a formidable courage and a formidable personality. Slow to make pronouncements, he has none of the actor's tricks and has been fortunately prevented by his handicaps from mistaking limelight for achievement. The inevitable spate of good and charming stories about him and his family are far less important to the new reign than the fact that he has a fine modern library, has studied economics and still does and was, literally, unable to "speak" until he had devoted nearly 31 years of his life to learning how to think.

The real story, then, of the development of the mind and capabilities of this Prince who, handicapped in so many ways, turned to the spirit and mind, is of tremendous significance to the nation at this moment—he turned to physics, economics, applied psychology, engineering, the story is a story of sheer determination — it is very little known. Prince Albert never courted publicity, and lately actively discouraged it: his Press cutting book with its title "Things that Never Happened to Us" is significant. Equally significant was his request to the publicists of Royalty after the birth of his second child, that he might "bring up his family in decent privacy."

His background is vital; and it is the background of York Cottage, Sandringham that is echoed at Royal Lodge, Windsor. Imagine it; the small country house and, on the ground floor out of the hall, "Papa's" study. The background of first lessons with their tutor and for games, the village lads and local friends. "Bertie" was inclined to be less robust than his brothers and sister and the impediment in his speech had already begun to hedge him within himself. But he, like his brothers and sister, had a happy enough existence against the serene background of the devoted married life of his parents.

Report says that "Bertie" was already the quiet, gentle one of the family, smoothing troubles, making up quarrels and ready with a mine of (accurate) information. Until he was thirteen the boy studied with his elder brother under the famous Mr. Hansell; Mr. Hua, who had taught their father, was recalled to teach them French. But their tutor gave them what was in effect an intensive course of the public-school spirit with a stiff bracer of royal duties. It worked wonderfully well.

At thirteen the shy, nervous, tongue-tied "Bertie" was pitchforked into the boisterous life of Osborne. Both boys were hardy and courageous children; but there is real pathos in the letter from one of them to their parents, written from sick bay and saying that "people are nice to us, in spite of our being royal . . . . "

KING GEORGE IN CAMP: A reminder of one of his many visits to the Duke of York's camp at Southwold where every year 200 young workers share a week's holiday with 200 public schoolboys

For the next seven years, however, the Second Son was free to devote his mind to what was supposed to be his future career,—the Navy. An average youth with a definite bent towards mechanics, he passed creditably from land to sea, to his cadet ship, the *Cumberland*, and thence in 1912, to the *Collingwood*. Prince Albert was then (and is now) essentially the "typical Englishman," and the stories of his cheerfulness and devotion to duty, of his bread, cheese, beer, and onions suppers; of his greeting his Royal father with a click of the heels, but without "batting an eyelid" are good. But not nearly so vital to appreciation of the man today as the little known fact that all his adolescence, his Naval service, and indeed the years of the war were, for Prince Albert, a weary fight against ill health of a particularly depressing type. In September of 1914 his senior officer noticed Prince Albert looking haggard and drawn; though the young man had said nothing. An examination resulted in the rapid operation for appendicitis . . . . in a return to his ship and another collapse . . . . another attempt to work and once again invalided home. It was not until his friend, Louis Greig, took him in hand that the gastric trouble was treated surgically, and the Prince freed from this handicap. It is characteristic of him that of Jutland he has no tale to tell, except that he made cocoa as usual for the gun crew.

Then there came his service with the R.A.F., and finally, like hundreds of other young men, he was demobilised; and his father was wise enough to see that "Bertie" must continue his education along the lines that appealed to him. The next few months were vital in Prince Albert's career as an "industrial expert"—which is what, in effect, he was intent upon becoming. He went up to Trinity, Cambridge, with his brother Henry; and the two young men lived with Wing Commander and Mrs. Louis Greig, ideal companions for them. The household was a happy, active, and busy one; at Bonn years back Albert of Coburg had taken very much the same subjects. It is necessary to any appreciation of George VI to know what they were. Prince Albert stressed economics, sociology, and civics, and the loves of his student days remain; he has a fine library, and few books on any allied subjects appear, but he gets them, *reads them*—and adds them to his shelves. The Prince is to be found late, sitting reading—at the back of his mind Plato's recipe for happiness in a State that had philosopher-kings.

His friend Louis Greig was an ideal companion for the youth just regaining normal health after years of illness; and just getting his first "close-up" of the world. Sir Louis of these days makes no mistake in his estimate of the new King, when he says to "Atticus," "Watch the Duke of York. He is not flashy and the people may not realise the strength of his character. But some day you will find he will win his way like his father."

But it was not until 1923 that Prince Albert came to the turning point of his career, his marriage; not until 1926 that he escaped from the bondage of his stammer. From 1919 to his marriage the man was working; his brother was overseas and Albert deputised for him; he was created Duke of York in 1920. The four years after the war until his marriage were gruelling for the Duke; in them he laid the foundations of his knowledge; both bookish and human! Unobtrusively he made his way into factories—into the recesses of the industrial system.

It was in the early 1920's that the child whom, at the age of eleven, Prince Albert had first met at a party at Lady Leicester's, he met again and then again; it became obvious that he was in love. It became equally obvious that no objection would be raised to the match; and that (strange but true!) it *was* a love match. There are innumerable stories of Lady Elizabeth's refusals of his suit; some may or may not be true. The child whom the writer remembers at her only school in Marylebone High Street was certainly the type of girl who would not be intimidated into a good match. There are two anecdotes that have the stamp of truth—the first of a friend who worried during the days when the "happily ever after" hung in the balance—who said with feeling and truth; "I do hope she will accept him, she'll be the making of him if she does . . . ."

She did. And—she is.

The second story concerns a remark of one of Lady Elizabeth's closest friends, as to whether or not the Scots girl would be able to stand up to a life of Royal duties. This lady is reported to have said "I think she was afraid of the position, but I think she just found she couldn't do without Bertie . . . ."

Prince Albert, who all his life had been subduing difficulties, faced the reluctance of the lady, fortified by his elder brother's sympathy and his mother's advice: "Make up her mind for her . . . ." He did. And they are now in the process of living happily ever after. But to the young Duke came release in happiness; his years of accumulating knowledge, of loyally working outside the limelight, came to fruition; his knowledge was becoming "power"—his visits to factories resulted in improvements; his work crystallised into actual achievement—and the Industrial Welfare Society went on from strength to strength—as did his work for the Safety First organisations, for "industrial psychology."

He had found a woman, a shrewd, lively Scotswoman, who understood him, and who gave him confidence: but still this brave young man carried the terrible burden of his stammer. "I have sweated in an agony of sympathy for him . . . ." said a famous public man and brilliant speaker to me a short time back. His wife stood by him as his whole public career looked like being marred by this; work waited him, but work that entailed speaking . . . . There is the (true) story of that public luncheon at which the Duke and Duchess sat together and after which H.R.H. was due to speak. He rose . . . . but no words came and, in embarrassment and real distress his fellow guests watched his struggles with the paralysis that threatened to beat him. It almost seemed as if he had better sit down and acknowledge defeat. But that Albert had never done and would never do. He stood, agonised . . . . until his wife's hand stole up to his clenched fist and gave him the reassuring touch he needed, encouragement to go on, to stick it. He did and finished his speech, to cheers.

A somewhat stern, lean young man, the Duke of those three years of his early married life, quietly battling his way through to an expression of his personality through his work. Then his daughter was born—and a blaze of limelight and sentiment threatened to engulf the family. With dignity the Duke stood it, grinned ruefully at his alleged acts and sayings, and his baby daughter's fan mail. Then he was ordered to undertake an Australian tour, and he faced up to the real trial of public life.

After his tour and the birth of his second child the Duke settled down to the exercise of his new-found "power," the power to use his years of accumulated knowledge for the betterment of his fellow countrymen employed in industry.

Workshops, quarries, mills, and mines; dogged inspection, hours spent quietly going into practical details; very few speeches and no spectacular appearances; schemes of tours for foremen, and schemes for treatment of injuries of certain types in factories; determination to see everything throughout the working of each factory.

Of necessity he was monosyllabic; and now, of choice, he remains a man of few words. "The Duke," said a friend, ruefully, "has a habit of weighing words—his own and yours."

And now, he is King; it is a burden—but his shoulders are broad—he has borne burdens all his life; but he has never yet been beaten by any difficulty that he has encountered.

J. W.

HE KING AND QUEEN IN THE WESTERN ISLES: Their Majesties being greeted on arrival at Skye at the start of a visit to the island they paid some time ago. Queen Elizabeth has never lost interest in her native Scotland and never misses an opportunity of returning there

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH: Entering the gates of St. Mary's, Eastbourne. A picture taken last winter when Their Majesties were staying at Compton Place so that Queen Elizabeth might have the benefit of sea air after an illness

FROM 1895 TO 1936

A Summary of King George's Life with Particular Reference to the Early Years

IT was at York Cottage, Sandringham, that our new King, George VI, was born on December 14, 1895. He was the second son of the Duke and Duchess of York, afterwards to succeed to the throne as King George V and Queen Mary, but at that time living very quietly and taking little part in public affairs. Prince Albert, as their second little son was christened, was only eighteen months younger than his elder brother, so that they both enjoyed the same nurses, governesses, and tutors as their happy childhood rolled on. Their wonderful great-grandmother was still reigning—indeed, she had her Diamond Jubilee when Prince Albert was an infant. He was five years old when she passed away, and his grandfather, King Edward VII, reigned in her stead. This made some difference to the young family at York Cottage, now four in number, for Princess Mary had been born in 1897, and Prince Henry in 1900. The Duke of York had become the heir to the throne and in consequence had to be near the Court, and so the royal children were to be found at Marlborough House during the London Season, at Frogmore when the Court was at Windsor, and up at Abergeldie Castle, near Balmoral, in the autumn. But the greater part of the year was still spent at York Cottage and their education was carefully carried on. Mr. Hansell, as their tutor, was responsible for their general training, but M. Hua taught French, and they all were instructed in military drill and in every kind of sport till Prince Albert became proficient in shooting, riding, swimming, golf, and football.

WHERE HE FIRST SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY: York Cottage, Sandringham, King George's birthplace, and since then a favourite residence

For the first fourteen years of his life Prince Albert was just one of a happy family of brothers, with one sister, who was equally keen upon games. When the Duke and Duchess of York left them to go on a tour they were left in the charge of Queen Alexandra, known to them all as the kindest of grandparents, who allowed them, perhaps, somewhat more freedom than permitted in the regular routine.

IN HIS FIRST YEAR

IT was decided that Prince Albert should follow in his father's footsteps and take up a full naval career, so at fourteen he went with his elder brother, Prince Edward, to Osborne, where he enjoyed the ordinary life of a naval cadet. Two years at Osborne were followed by two further years at Dartmouth. He occasionally had to return home to be present at some great function in which he had to take a part, young though he was. The death of King Edward VII in 1910, and the Coronation of King George V the following year, interrupted the naval tuition for brief periods, reminding him that he was a Prince of the royal line, but otherwise his course was precisely that of the other cadets training with him. In 1913 he went for his first cruise in H.M.S. *Cumberland*, delighting in the new experience and enjoying his first view of many new places. They visited the West Indies, Canada, and Newfoundland, all bringing new knowledge to the young prince, who was gazetted midshipman on his return. He was appointed to the *Collingwood* and joined her in September for a cruise in the Mediterranean. No difference was made in the life on board, Prince Albert rising at the same time, carrying out all the duties, and slinging his hammock at the end of the day as did his fellow shipmates. It is said that when his father, King George V, made an inspection of the ship, his young son, whom he had not seen for some time, passed him with a formal salute.

WHEN the great war broke out in 1914 he was nineteen years old, still in the *Collingwood* and eager to take his part. He was stationed with the Fleet in Scapa Flow, but before many weeks had to be hurriedly transferred to shore, where an operation for appendicitis was performed. For many years he had been troubled with severe attacks of pain, due to some gastric disorder which was not fully recognised. By February 1915 he had rejoined his ship, but he was not really well, for the appendix had not been the only cause of the trouble. Again and again he was in hospital, but he was always eager to be back on duty, and he was actually present at the Battle of Jutland in May 1916, serving in a gun turret with coolness and courage. But once again the attacks of pain seized him and finally, after considerable consultations, the trouble was diagnosed as a duodenal ulcer. It was a serious operation, and though he made a good recovery he learnt to his great grief that he would not be strong enough to take up the arduous work of a naval career.

He decided to join the Royal Naval Air Service and at the end of 1917 was training at Cranwell, transferring to the staff of Sir Hugh Trenchard in France in 1918. It was in the uniform of the R.A.F. that he represented the King at the State entry into Brussels of the late King Albert after the years of occupation.

WHEN the war was over there was an opportunity for him to have the experience of University life which he had missed, so in 1919 he and Prince Henry entered Trinity College, Cambridge. They did not reside in college, but lived with Wing-Commander Louis Greig and his wife. Wing-Commander Greig had been medical officer at Osborne, and owing to Prince Albert's uncertain health at the time had been closely associated with him afterwards. History, economics, and social problems were the subjects which most interested Prince Albert, and he made a serious study of them. He was considerably older than the average undergraduate, and was often obliged to take part in various royal functions, deputising for his brother, the then Prince of Wales, when he was away on one of his many tours. In 1920 he was created Duke of York—he had already been made a Knight of the Garter on his twenty-first birthday. He was present at the burial of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, and in 1922 there was the first marriage in the family, when his sister, Princess Mary, was married to Lord Lascelles, the eldest son of the Earl of Harewood.

AT that wedding there was a certain bridesmaid, the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, youngest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore. She and the Duke of York had met many times at the Society functions during the seasons after the war, and on more than one occasion the Duke had stayed at Glamis Castle, the famous Scottish home of the Earl of Strathmore—the family of Lady Elizabeth is an ancient one, tracing descent from a certain Sir John Lyon, who in 1372 married the daughter of Robert II, King of Scotland. It was well known in the Royal family that the Duke of York had fallen in love with the charming young daughter, and King George was known to approve, although it was the first time that anyone in the direct line of succession had married a commoner since James II had married Anne Hyde, the daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. But it was not until June 16, 1923, that the Court Circular announced the betrothal "to which the King had gladly given his consent." The marriage took place at Westminster Abbey the following April, crowds thronging the streets, evincing the popular approval of what was known to be a love-match. Their first home was at White Lodge in Richmond Park, which had once been the residence of the Duchess of Teck, the mother of Queen Mary. It was a charming old Georgian house, very quiet and secluded, but it was soon found to be too far away from town to be easy to carry out the many engagements which fell upon them, and so a house—145, Piccadilly—was selected right in the centre, looking across Green Park.

AT THE AGE OF TEN

KING GEORGE IN BABYHOOD: Another early portrait

THE young couple had a real holiday when they went to East Africa in December, 1924, on a shooting trip, going to Mombasa and then on to Nairobi, when they went in for some big game hunting, travelling about and living under canvas. They travelled home down the White Nile to Khartum and from there to Port Sudan. They were back in England in April and during the year visited many of the industrial towns in the North

The birth of little Princess Elizabeth on April 21, 1926, was welcomed by everyone, the Royal infant being eagerly waited for by patient crowds when she left her parents' home. She was eight months old when the Duke and Duchess had to leave her to start on their world tour, the object of which was to open the new Parliament Buildings at Canberra. They had a great programme in front of them, many places to visit, functions to attend, people to meet, and speeches for the Duke to make. The Duke had always been the most studious of the Royal brothers, had always known what he wanted to say, but had been shy in

public, owing to a speech defect, a stammer, which made public speaking an agony.

The Duke however would not be beaten—he knew he would be expected to speak if he were to take up any public duties, and he determined to overcome the trouble if hard work would do it. Fortunately a specialist from West Australia was found, who was confident he could help him, giving him methods to practise by which the obstinate sounds could be overcome. Mr. Logue, the specialist, was much struck by the Duke's determination to succeed, and says that he never missed an appointment during the two years' treatment. The Duchess encouraged him in every way, helping him to carry out the daily exercises and study. It must have meant courage and determination to face great audiences and know that if you did not keep self-control, you might be unable to say a word. The Duke did not achieve a perfect success at first, but he improved steadily, and by the time he reached the culminating point at Canberra his speech was full and resonant, very different from what it had been. He has persisted in his efforts and now he is said to be a really good speaker.

The world tour, which lasted six months, took the Duke and Duchess across the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal, to Fiji, New Zealand, and all parts of Australia. They were welcomed everywhere by enthusiastic crowds, who were eager to see the King's son, some of them remembering the visit of his father and mother, who were then Duke and Duchess of York. Visits were paid to the lovely mountain scenery of New Zealand, the lakes, the wondrous mud springs, and also to the chief cities. From the moment they arrived in Sydney all Australia was vociferous in their warm welcome, and so crowded were the days that there was little time for any relaxation. At Melbourne the Duke saw the march-past of the ex-Service men on Anzac Day—men who had so eagerly responded to the call of the great war and had fought

WIMBLEDON 1926: King George playing in the men's doubles of the World Championships. Tennis is his favourite game and he far outstrips his brothers as an exponent of it

in France, Palestine, and Gallipoli. Just before he left Australia the Duke sent a last message to the Governor-General, Lord Stonehaven, in which he said: "The demonstration of loyalty and whole-hearted affection and devotion to the throne have far surpassed anything we had imagined, and have most deeply moved us. That loyalty to the British ideals for which the throne and empire stand found its highest expression in the commemoration of Anzac Day, at which it was our privilege to be present."

Once back in England the Duke took up his public duties again and showed his great interest in social work of all kinds. Every one knows of the Duke of York's Camp, which meets annually, when, for a fortnight, boys from public schools meet boys from industry of all kinds on a perfect level. The Duke always manages to find time to be present himself at the camp, and to take part in the proceedings. Then there is the Industrial Welfare Society, of which he has been President, a society whose aim, as the Duke himself has said, is "to bring about a revival of the spirit of industrial comradeship." In connection with this society the Duke of York personally visited great numbers of the large industries, going into all kinds of factories, meeting all ranks, in shipyards, engineering works, mills, and discussing social problems with both employers and men. The new King, George VI, certainly knows, at first hand, much of the actual working conditions of the

KING GEORGE IN THE HUNTING FIELD: A picture that is in itself a striking character study and would seem to bear out the words of Mr. Baldwin in the House last Monday. "What will endear the King to his people, if he be not already endeared," said the Premier, "is that more than any of his brothers he resembles in character and disposition of mind his father, whose loss we were lamenting eleven short months ago. He will bring to his great task that same devotion to duty. Whatever may happen to him no personal predilections will stand between him and what he conceives to be his first duty"

industrial workers of the country, and has sympathy and understanding. "Our aim is to create in our workshops such an atmosphere of mutual good-will and fertile partnership that misunderstandings cannot thrive."

The winter of 1928 was clouded by the anxiety over the serious illness of King George V—then came the thanksgiving service for the restoration to health of his much-beloved father, at St. Paul's.

The Silver Jubilee in the summer of 1935, marking the culmination point of his father's great reign, also marked the ending of a period in the career of the Duke of York. Then as he drove with the Duchess through the gay, sunlit streets, hearing the loud cheers, and noticing the great crowds turned out to greet the King, his father, who had so well served his people, he was only one of the Royal Princes in the line of succession. Eight months later he was the Heir to the Throne. George V had laid down his task, his body had lain in state in Westminster Hall (where the Duke himself had kept vigil with his three brothers) and had finally been laid to rest at Windsor.—and Edward VIII had ascended the throne. This momentous year of 1936 has been one of poignant feelings for the Duke of York. The loss of his father meant much to him, and the succeeding months must have been filled with anxiety, which culminated in the autumn when it became generally known that the King, his brother, was determined to marry against the wishes of his people. And now, at the call of duty, he takes up the post which has been relinquished, and sits upon the throne which his father adorned, in the confident hope of all his subjects that the reign of George VI will bring peace and prosperity.

THE QUEEN AT GLAMIS: Leaving the main entrance of the castle with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose

KING

And Early Years Royal

H.M.S. "MALAYA": A painting, specially done for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson, the well-known marine artist, of the 27,500-ton battleship in which King George VI served during his last period of active service with the Fleet in the great war. The *Malaya*, which was due for replacement this year, belongs to the *Queen Elizabeth* class and was a gift to Great Britain from the Federated Malay States. She was laid down in October, 1913, and completed two and a half years later

FIRST YEARS OF SERVICE: King George (then Prince Albert) as a cadet

OF the four sailor kings who have ascended the throne of England, George VI shares the distinction with William IV and James II of having been under fire. George V never had an opportunity of going on active service, but he was a fine practical seaman and time and time again demonstrated his ability as a commander.

William IV was sent to sea by George III with the explicit instructions to his admiral, Hood, that "the young man goes as a sailor, and as such no marks of distinction are to be shown unto him; they would destroy my whole plan."

This very same "plan" was doubtless in the mind of George V when he decided that his second son should adopt a naval career, and it may well be that that decision was epoch-making. For it undoubtedly was the means of moulding the character of our new monarch.

After spending two years at Osborne and two at Dartmouth Prince Albert, as he was then called, joined H.M.S. *Cumberland* along with some sixty other naval cadets and, as a cadet, crossed the Atlantic. He visited the West Indies and Canada, and received a great welcome in the Dominion, on whose soil he was the first of the King's sons to set foot.

For the rest, he led the life of an ordinary naval officer, learned to sling his hammock, and to make cocoa at all hours, and in due course was gazetted as midshipman to H.M.S. *Collingwood*. Officially he was H.R.H. Prince Albert, but he was generally known in the wardroom as "Johnson."

On the outbreak of war H.M.S. *Collingwood* joined the Grand Fleet, but her junior officer's term of service was cut short by an attack of appendicitis. After he had rejoined further ill-health caused him to be invalided again.

He was, however, back with his ship at the Battle of Jutland. The *Collingwood* was [illegible] engaged, and, [illegible] many vessels in the action, fought a little private battle of her own, her opponent being a German light cruiser.

Earl Jellicoe's despatch on the [illegible] tioned Prince [illegible] commended [illegible]

PHASES OF PROMOTION: Left (right) as a Commander in 1920.

GEORGE

His With The Navy

coolness and courage ... But the en- ... months showed, ... that sea service ... mpatible with ... 's health, and at ... beginning of 1918 he ... the Navy for what ... the Royal Naval ..., and was ... its station at ...

... ince's ... behaviour ... ttland recalls ... of ... Mr. Hilaire Belloc relating to ... at the Battle of ... oft in. June 1665 ... mes was in the ... of the action, exposing himself with ... rage and ... nds killed at ... e. He went below ... er at least eight ... urs of active, ... ntrated en-deavour ...

As a Post Captain in 1925 and His career at sea ended in 1917

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H.M.S. "COLLINGWOOD": Another reproduction, from a painting by Montague Dawson, showing the vessel in which King George was serving at the outbreak of the great war (a year after he had left Dartmouth), and at the Battle of Jutland. The *Collingwood*, the third warship of that name, is now no longer in service. She was a 30-gun turbine battleship of just under 20,000 tons and had a speed of 21 knots

He had given his heart to the sea and the ships
As none but a sailor may—
To the sun and the wind and the salt on the lips,
And the tang of the deepsea spray.
He had learned his trade in the hard old school
Wherein since time began
Man learned to serve ere he learned to rule
Ships and his fellow man.

C. FOX-SMITH.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: King George (second from left inside brake) arriving at Devonport in 1913 before embarking on H.M.S. *Cumberland* on a lengthy training cruise which took him to Canada and the West Indies. He was the first of George V's sons to visit the New World

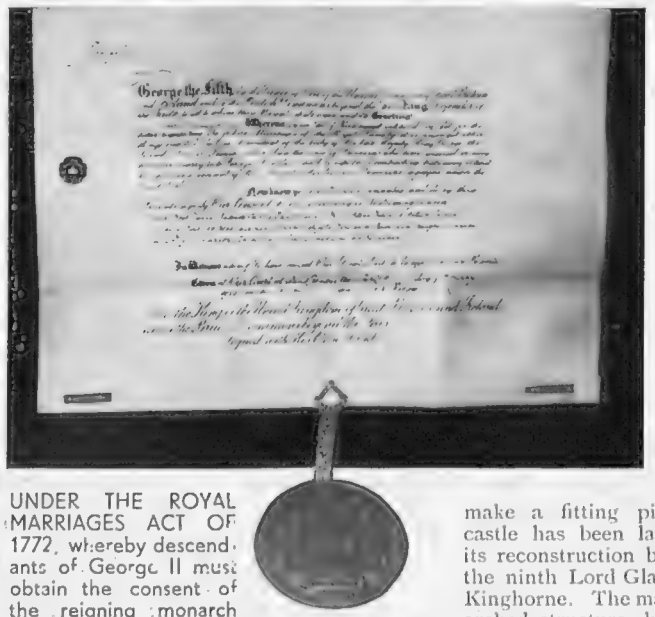
HISTORIC GLAMIS

The Ancient Seat of the Strathmore Family at which Queen Elizabeth Passed Much of Her Childhood and Early Youth

CHILDHOOD INSEPARABLES: Queen Elizabeth and her brother the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon in 1905 when Her Majesty was five years old. The other brothers and sisters being rather older, these two grew up together and they were immensely attached

FIRST STEPS IN DEPORTMENT: Queen Elizabeth and the Hon David Bowes-Lyon seen with their dancing master Mr. Neill. Another early photographic record

"LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON SHOWS THE DUKE OF YORK THE TREASURES OF GLAMIS": A drawing made by F Matania, the well-known artist and reproduced in colour in *The Sphere* Royal Marriage Number in April 1923 The setting is the crypt, the oldest part of the castle



UNDER THE ROYAL MARRIAGES ACT OF 1772, whereby descendants of George II must obtain the consent of the reigning monarch before marrying this document was signed by King George V in 1923 prior to the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York

AROUND the ancient Scottish home of Queen Elizabeth legend and tradition have throughout the centuries been allowed the fullest play. Nearly nine hundred years old, the massive pile still contains portions in which some of the most stirring scenes in early Scottish history were enacted. Here Macbeth, "the Thane of Glamis, dwelt, and here Malcolm II of Scotland was assassinated his murderers fleeing across the fields, and falling through the ice into Forfar Loch where they were drowned. Here, too, dwelt the Stuart James V of Scotland, Queen Mary's father, "Bonnie Dundee," and a host of other picturesque and historic figures.

The castle itself is pitched in the heart of "the Strathmore," and surrounded by rolling wooded hills, in the midst of which the turrets and battlements of Glamis make a fitting picture. The ancient castle has been largely added to since its reconstruction by the famous Patrick, the ninth Lord Glamis and first Earl of Kinghorne. The main gateway is a triple-arched structure, battlemented and surmounted by carved lions—the heraldic designation of the Lyons The general appearance of the castle itself is strongly reminiscent of a French sixteenth-century château. At right angles extend two wings on each side of the low main entrance, and the quarter circle towers in the centre of the noble structure rise seven storeys high, and contains the entrance to the central part of the castle, its oldest and most interesting portion.

WHERE MACBETH DWELT AND MALCOLM WAS MURDERED: "A PRINCELY PILE IN FAIR STRATHMORE"

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE: A charming portrait taken when Her Majesty was nearly twenty-three years old

THE CASTLE TO-DAY: Glamis with its many turrets silhouetted against the sky. *Below on left*—The billiard room with tapestry on the wall worked in feudal days by women of the Strathmore family. *Below on right*—The richly carved four-poster in which King George slept during a visit

AFTER VAN DYCK: Queen Elizabeth standing beside the castle walls and wearing a dress copied from a portrait by the Flemish master

JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT DUNDEE: This portrait, considered the finest ever painted by Sir Peter Lely, hangs in the great drawing-room at Glamis, the ancestral home of Queen Elizabeth's family. Dundee himself lived there

THE ARMS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH in the days before her marriage when she was Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon. It has been drawn up from material supplied by the Earl of Strathmore

THE JOINT DESCENT

of King George and Queen Elizabeth

Robert II of Scotland (1370–1390)

THE 9th LORD GLAMIS AND 1st EARL OF KINGHORNE AS A BOY OF EIGHT: From a portrait painted in 1583. It was this ancestor of Queen Elizabeth who re-built Glamis early in the seventeenth century, giving it more or less the appearance that it has to-day

THE Strathmore family, that has now become bound up with the reigning house of England, is one of the oldest of the Scottish noble families. The first of the long line of Strathmore ancestors was Sir John Lyon of Forteviot, and afterwards of Glamis, who was Chamberlain of Scotland from 1377 to 1382. This Scottish knight married Jean, the daughter of Robert II of Scotland, so that in its origins the Strathmore family can lay just claim to be descended from royalty.

Sir John Lyon's grandson became the first Lord Glamis: he was one of the hostages for the ransom of King James I, delivered up to the English in 1424, and released three years later.

Three hundred years after this John, ninth Earl of Strathmore, became allied to the wealthy Bowes family of Streatlam Castle by his marriage to Mary Eleanor Bowes; he assumed in consequence the surname of Bowes, the family name becoming Lyon-Bowes. This was changed later to Bowes-Lyon. The present earl is the fourteenth of his line; he was born in February, 1856, and his youngest daughter, the new Queen of England, was born in August, 1900, not at Glamis but at the Earl's Hertfordshire seat, St. Paul's Waldenbury.

ROBERT III
JAMES I, of Scotland
JAMES II
JAMES III
JAMES IV
JAMES V
MARY (Queen of Scots)
JAMES VI
ELIZABETH = Frederick, King of Bohemia
SOPHIA = Ernest Augustus
GEORGE I
GEORGE II
GEORGE III
VICTORIA
EDWARD VII
GEORGE V
GEORGE VI

JEAN = Sir John Lyon
SIR JOHN LYON of Glamis
PATRICK LYON, 1st Lord Glamis
JOHN, 3rd Lord
JOHN, 4th Lord
JOHN, 6th Lord
JOHN, 7th Lord
JOHN, 8th Lord
PATRICK, 1st Earl of Kinghorne
JOHN, 2nd Earl
PATRICK, 3rd Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne
JOHN, 4th Earl
JAMES, 8th Earl
JOHN, 9th Earl = Mary Bowes (Heiress of George Bowes)—1767
THOMAS, 11th Earl
CLAUDE, 13th Earl (created Lord Bowes in U.K.)
CLAUDE GEORGE (present Earl)
QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE ENTRANCE HALL AT GLAMIS with the winding stone stair up to the Great Hall and, down to "King Malcolm's" room. Fixed just inside the main door is a heavily-barred yett or iron gate

A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING: Glamis as it was in 1686 in the days of Patrick, 3rd Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne

"KING MALCOLM'S ROOM" which popular tradition declares was the scene of Malcolm II's death at the hands of Macbeth about the year 1034. This is by far the oldest part of the castle

The Wedding at Westminster

When Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon Became Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York

THE BRIDE SETS OUT FROM BRUTON STREET: Queen Elizabeth (then Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon) about to enter the carriage in which she drove to Westminster Abbey for her marriage on the morning of April 26, 1923. *Above on right*—Her father, the Earl of Strathmore

Drawn by F. Matania, R.I.

SIGNING THE REGISTER in the Abbey Sacrarium in the presence of King George and Queen Mary and under the guidance of Mr. E. F. Knapp-Fisher, the Registrar

PLIGHTING THEIR TROTH: The bride and bridegroom at the sanctuary rails during the wedding ceremony. For the first days of their honeymoon the "Duke and Duchess" went to stay at Polesden Lacey, the home of Mrs. Ronald Greville, and from there they travelled up to Glamis. It was not until the middle of June that they settled into their new home in Richmond Park

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWDS: A picture taken after the return of the bridal couple to Buckingham Palace where they appeared on the balcony together with the other members of the Royal Family

AN EAST AFRICAN HOLIDAY—AND AFTER

The Visit to Kenya in 1925 — The Birth of Princess Elizabeth in 1926—The Christening at Buckingham Palace

WATCHING A NATIVE DANCE: The "Duke and Duchess" at Mombasa shortly after their arrival in East Africa early in 1925. This was not an official tour and, indeed, was more in the nature of a holiday-cum-shooting expedition. To the Duchess who had never been farther abroad than France and Italy, these months of open-air life and adventurous travel were a wonderful experience

THEN "THE FOURTH LADY IN THE LAND": An early portrait of Princess Elizabeth whose birth in 1926 occasioned so much rejoicing. *Below*—Playing with a toy pram in the grounds of 145, Piccadilly

THE CHRISTENING GROUP: The Queen Mother, King George V, Queen Elizabeth, with Princess Elizabeth in her arms, King George VI and the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, pictured together after the ceremony at Buckingham Palace. It was some months after this that the "Duchess" had to leave her child and accompany her husband to Australia

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER CHILDREN

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: A charming early portrait of Queen Elizabeth and her first born. Her Majesty as a mother shows the same good sense she shows as a wife. While seeing to it that her children should be trained appropriately to their high station and with a view to their future careers of service, she urges at the same time the need for the utmost simplicity. When Princess Elizabeth was only eight months old, the "Duke and Duchess" regretfully had to part from her while they made their tour of Australia. They were not reunited for six months

Some Early Portraits of the Little Princesses

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AS A BABY: She was born on April 21, 1926, at the "Duchess'" Bruton Street home, and spent part of the first year of her life at Glamis

PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE AS A BABY: One of the earliest portraits of her with her mother. She was born on August 21, 1930, four and a half years after her sister

"The DUKE and DUCHESS" PAY a VISIT to AUSTRALIA

Their Arduous Tour of 1927 when they made such an abiding Impression in the Commonwealth

RED LETTER DAY: "The Duke and Duchess" at the opening of the new Parliament House in Canberra. This was the culminating point of their visit to Australia, which in the manner of all royal tours, made necessary an intensely arduous programme. In his speech on this occasion, the Duke said:—"I am commanded by the King to say that his thoughts are with you in this hour, and that to-day's historic event brings back vivid memories of that other May 9, 26 years ago, when, as Duke of York, His Majesty opened your first Parliament"

ACADEMIC HONOURS: Wearing their robes after receiving degrees at an Australian university. They were given these honours in three cities—Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide

AT PANAMA—ON THE WAY OUT: Riding with Colonel Meriweather Walker, Governor of the Canal Zone, in the special train in which they went to watch the operation of the Gatun spillway

SYDNEY'S WELCOME: The Royal party driving through the thronged Botanical Gardens on arrival in the city on March 26. Needless to say they had a tremendous reception, and whenever they appeared in public they were almost mobbed through the enthusiasm of the crowds. The Duchess was at once recognised as a fashion leader, and before a day was out the women of Sydney were copying her hats and her style of dress

-/- -/- -/-

A VISIT TO THE DUCAL HOME OF THE NEW KING AND QUEEN

Three pages of Pictures taken in Their Residence at 145, Piccadilly

THE NIGHT NURSERY

This room on the top floor of No. 145 was charmingly furnished and decorated under the Queen's supervision. Note the washhand-stand with its bowls and jugs, one set appropriately smaller than the other in accordance with the ages of the princesses

THE DAY NURSERY

Where the princesses entertain their friends, and their parents often come to play with them—sometimes staying for a nursery tea if public duties allow

THE DRAWING ROOM: A lofty apartment containing [illegible] period pieces and a number of very valuable Eastern rugs. On the table in the foreground are miniatures of the King and Queen. The decor is of a pre-trained Adam style

THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR: Another room where the atmosphere is to heighten the effect of spaciousness and has an added advantage decorations. *On left*—An exterior view of No. 145, which

THEIR MAJESTIES' PICCADILLY HOME : SOME INTERIOR VIEWS OF No. 145

THE ...NG ROOM FROM THE OTHER END with a ...t tapestry occupying the whole wall. The place has ...ished with the greatest good taste but it is clear that ... purpose has been to give it a homely atmosphere

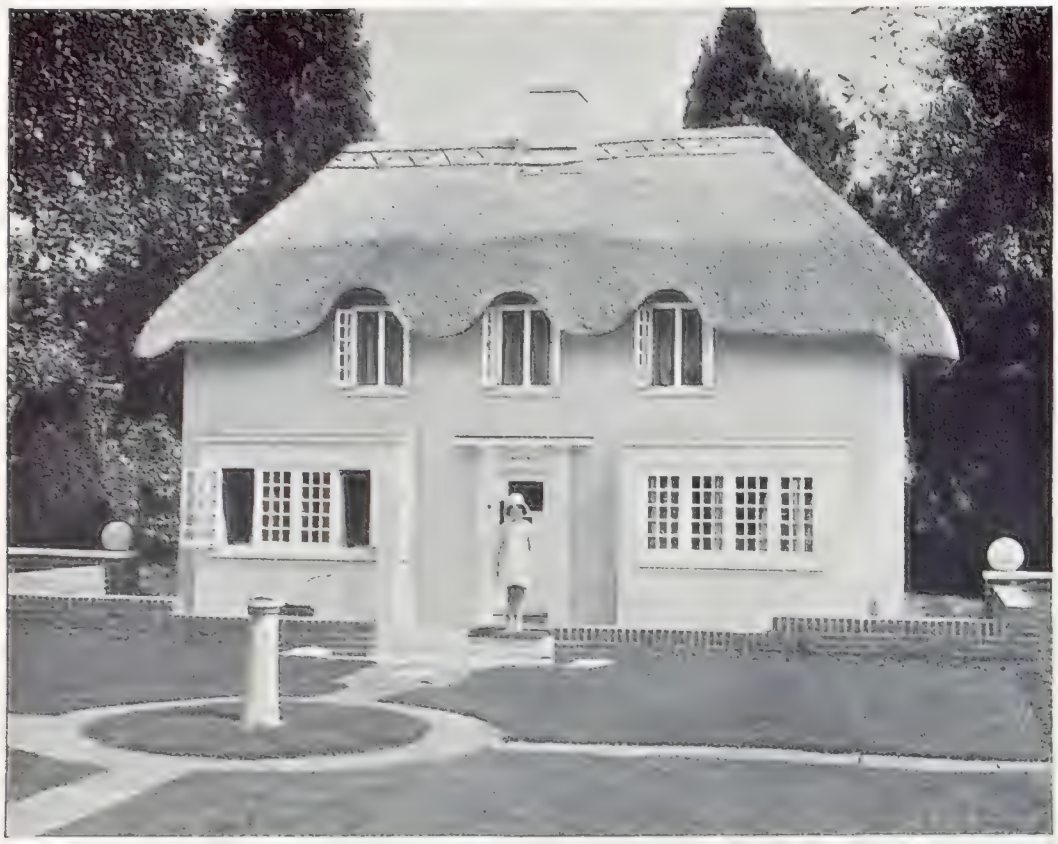
homely rather than formal. The absence of pictures on the wall helps in that it is possible to appreciate the elegance of the original mural during the past few days has been the object of such intense interest

By courtesy of the "Woman's Journal"

A RARE CHINESE PANEL adorning the walls of another of the main rooms. The new Queen has made a close study of the art of interior decoration but she also relies to a large extent on the judgment of the Queen Mother, an acknowledged expert. The two of them spent many hours making plans for "No. 145" when the Duke decided to live there after his return from Australia

OUR ROYAL PRINCESSES

Glimpses of Queen Elizabeth's Daughters



IN THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE: Some time ago the Welsh people made Princess Elizabeth the present of a beautiful thatched cottage in miniature which now stands in the grounds of Royal Lodge, Windsor. This little home is complete in every detail, and is a never failing source of delight to both the Princess and her sister. *Above*—Standing at the front door. *Above on right*—Playing with her doll's pram in the miniature garden

On left—A QUESTION OF TIME: The Princesses standing by the sundial in front of the cottage

ON EDWARD VIII'S FORTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY: The Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose and the Princess Royal driving to the Horse Guards Parade to witness the Trooping-the-Colour ceremony

AN AUTUMN MORNING IN HYDE PARK: Princess Elizabeth out for a stroll with one of her young friends; a picture taken in 1934. It was here in her babyhood that her nurse often used to bring her in the pram, and on more than one occasion she was nearly mobbed by importunate admirers, eager to gain a glimpse of the little girl who might one day be Queen

JUBILEE DAY, 1935: King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by their daughters and by the Duke and Duchess of Kent as they left St. Paul's Cathedral after the service of thanksgiving. The two little Princesses, who looked particularly charming in dresses of salmon pink, took the keenest interest in the proceedings. They had a tremendous ovation from the crowds lining the route

Bassano

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI AND HIS ELDER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE

A recent study of our new monarch who came to the throne on the eve of his forty-first birthday, and of his heir who is now in her eleventh year. Her birthday is on April 21

Pour encourager les huitres

Guinness
vous fera du bien

G.E.552

KING GEORGE VI AND THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

His Majesty's War-time and Subsequent Interest in the Flying Service

A VISIT TO CRANWELL: His Majesty during a tour of inspection at the flying school

IN R.A.F. UNIFORM: *Left*—A picture taken in 1921, the year His Majesty was promoted from Wing Commander to Group Captain. *Right*—A later portrait of him in full dress

After several spells of active service with the Fleet, Prince Albert, as he was then called, was appointed in November, 1917, to the Royal Naval Air Force Station, Cranwell. He embraced his new opportunities for service with enthusiasm, and his hard work in his new sphere won for him merited promotion. On the formation of the R.A.F. on April 1, 1918, he was graded as Captain, in October of the same year being posted to Headquarters of the Independent Air Force in France. Returning to the Home Establishment on February 18, 1919, Prince Albert was appointed to the Air Ministry as an attached officer. He was lent to No. 29 (Training) Squadron for instruction in aviation at Croydon, "To travel down on suitable days," with effect from March 1, 1919. He passed out as a Pilot, Category A, at Croydon, with effect from July 28, 1919, and finally completed his air and ground tests by the end of that month. On August 1, 1919, he was granted a permanent commission as Flight Lieutenant

THE EMPIRE'S NEW SOVE

THE days have passed when one wrote of living royalty, as of the dead, *nil nisi bonum*. It is a wise change. Colourless panegyrics of kings and queens and princes were of no value simply because they were colourless. And because there was no salt in them they were taken—with a grain of salt. This was hardly fair on the subjects of such eulogies at the time. It has also its effect to-day since a tribute to essential goodness is apt to be either discounted altogether or taken as synonymous with essential dullness.

To be "good," whether as a monarch or an individual, has had further drawbacks, more marked, of course, in the case of the former. Clever people are thereby spurred to humorous activity. The middle-aged will probably recall one of Max Beerbohm's wittiest caricatures of a quarter-of-a-century ago, entitled "Annals of a sweeter, purer reign. King George and Queen Mary inspect school-children." The thing had, perhaps, a spice of cruelty in it, a touch of a sneer. The joke seems distinctly flat to-day since the whole Empire has thanked God for a reign that was pure and sweet; if that attitude is a "dull" one no one is likely to apologise for it.

The crisis of the last few weeks has engendered some surprisingly plain speaking about royalty. What manner of man, then, is King George VI? Let us speak plainly and say at the outset that he has not the vital personality of his elder brother, not the same winning smile, nor that power of making his presence felt instantly in a crowd. The man we knew for a quarter of a century as Prince of Wales was indeed a Prince Charming. Both as a boy and as an adult the new King has lacked *immediate* charm. He cannot conquer with a glance, nor make the man he shakes hands with feel as if he had been a friend for life and, indeed, that he had been waiting all his life to know him.

That may be acquired, though it is doubtful, since it is a matter not of knack or of diplomatic training, but of inborn personality. As a youth the King was frequently in poor health and had an embarrassing physical defect which inevitably counted against personal magnetism. I say "had" advisedly, since the royal stutter (there was, by the way, much exaggerated gossip about it) has been almost entirely overcome

This was not so much a stutter as a sudden, disconcerting pause. In short, he used to "dry up" as actors would say. His perseverance in overcoming this was as characteristic as his pluck. For it needed pluck indeed for a naturally shy man to face the public with a speech week after week and sometimes night after night knowing and dreading this infliction.

I remember at one banquet the Duke of York, as he then was, giving the loyal toast. With fluency he spoke the "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, the toast is His Majesty the"— and then came to a stop before the word "King." He tried again, stopped at the same spot, and the toastmaster came to the rescue. "What a word not to be able to say," he said later with a smile, "just my luck!"

He realised that the awkward incident had its funny side. For those who say, and many do, that the King has no sense of humour do not

A PATRON OF ART: "The Duke" addressing the assembled guests at the banquet held in one of the galleries at Burlington House as a prelude to the 1930 Royal Academy Exhibition. He almost invariably writes his own speeches

AT THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE: "The Duke" visited the school to unveil a war memorial

REIGN : KING GEORGE VI

An Appreciation By One Who Knows Him

No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Shakespeare's KING HENRY V.

know what they are talking about. At one time he had a rather heavy penchant for practical joking, a heritage, possibly, from eighteenth-century Hanoverians. That has passed. The King has quite a normal sense of humour, a keen sense of the ridiculous, almost a passion for Walt Disney films (have we not all?) and an equally violent dislike for the Rabelaisian when it is not funny—and possibly even when it is funny. Modern male royalty is much like the rest of mankind in the exchange of the smoking-room story, but here His Majesty is an exception. In this respect he may be called a prude—and perhaps that is not altogether a bad thing for a King to be.

He reads novels and the less formidable biographies because he likes them. He used to read books on economics and industrial problems—he has even read the massive and statistical compilations of the Sidney Webbs—not because he liked them, but because it was his duty. He goes to the theatre to see revues and lighter plays mostly—because he likes them. He goes, sometimes, to the opera and even to classical concerts, not because he likes them—he does not pretend to be seriously musical—but because it is his duty.

Duty has always been his watchword, and he is perfectly sincere about it. On countless occasions through his public life he has steeled himself to do things which, if not exactly distasteful, have had no personal interest for him because he has considered that it is right that he should do them. He has immense "grit," as well as the defects of that quality, for he can be stubborn to the verge of pig-headedness.

He is gregarious and is fond of clubs—except the fashionable dancing clubs of Mayfair. The Embassy has seen him but rarely and the restaurants more rarely still. He is a member of Buck's, as are his brothers, and when he has a meal there it is usually a very simple one, cold game with a slice of ham being a frequent choice.

I remember a visit he paid to the Savage—he is a "Brother Savage," as his father was—when the club was in its old premises in the Adelphi. He went to the bar, bought a round of drinks, and asked where he could buy a club tie. One was at once brought to him—and he promptly put it on and bought another round amid cheers. At dinner afterwards and the subsequent entertainment he entered into some nonsensical initiation ceremony with great good-humour, laughed and chatted away in the wildest spirits, and was among the last to leave.

That is the sort of company the King likes. I would not call him a Bohemian or anything like one. But he prefers gatherings with fellow-men, ordinary men, to more eclectic assemblies chronicled in the gossip columns. There is however nothing in him of that inverted snobbery which leads some people deliberately to eschew the fashionable; he has always taken part in the social life his position demands of him, nor, I imagine, does he do so unwillingly. But he likes to be with people of no particular distinction, to join in the choruses at the sing-songs which were a feature of the boys' camps he visited annually and took under his special wing, to help to organise the "crossing-the-line" fooleries during his long voyages, and so forth.

Very superior people may call these tastes middle-class. If there is indeed a middle-class streak in George VI, in his modesty and sincerity, in his prowess (the result of much conscientious plodding) at golf and lawn tennis, and, above all, in the decency of his home life, his love for his charming and vastly popular Queen, his children, and his home, we may, again, thank God. It was a quality his beloved father possessed, and George VI likewise may well come to be known as "the King who never made a mistake." Brilliant originality might prove a dangerous trait in twentieth-century monarchy.

AT THE OVERSEAS CLUB: Unveiling a portrait of the founder after opening the new headquarters

A PATRON OF LEARNED SOCIETIES: Listening to an address by one of the foreign delegates after opening the new hall on the occasion of the Royal Geographical Society's centenary celebrations which were held six years ago

THE NEW MONARCH'S

His Majesty King George VI's Many and Varied Public

CHEERS FOR "THE DUKE": An incident during a visit to the Duke of York's camp at Southwold, at which every year 200 young workers share a week's holiday under canvas with 200 public schoolboys. In fifteen years some six thousand boys have carried back from the camp a sense of comradeship that has directly emanated from this bridging of class distinctions

CIVIC PAGEANTRY: The scene in the Guildhall in December, 1933, when the Duke and Duchess of York attended an evening reception given under the auspices of the Travel and Industrial Development Association

A VISIT TO THE NORWICH MUSEUM ON THE CENTENARY OF ITS FOUNDATION: "The Duke", seated next to the Lord Mayor of Norwich, listening to a speech by the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Another incident in the daily round

WITH THE SENIOR SERVICE: Carrying out an inspection during a visit to Portsmouth in 1935. The new King, like his father before him, received his early training in the navy, entering the Royal Naval College, Osborne,

CAREER OF SERVICE

Duties During the Years when he was Duke of York

of Great Britain and Ireland. The Royal couple are pictured with Lord Derby following the mayoral procession into the building. The film record which was made of the event was the first ever taken at a ceremony in the Guildhall

AS PRESIDENT OF THE INDUSTRIAL WELFARE SOCIETY: Paying a visit to the chief office of the Prudential Assurance Company. It was in this task of showing an active, personal interest in the working life of the people and in encouraging the improvement of conditions in factories, workshops, and offices that "the Duke" found for himself a sphere of real usefulness

in 1909. In 1913 he joined the *Collingwood* as midshipman and was so serving when the great war broke out. An operation for appendicitis prevented his immediate active service, but he was present at the Battle of Jutland in 1916

INTEREST IN SPORT: Being introduced by Dixie Dean, the captain, to the other members of the Everton side who took part in a Wembley Cup Final. His Majesty has always been a keen footballer and in his youth played with the village team at Sandringham

THE NEW CONSORT'S CA

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and Her Many and Varied

SMILES IN CORAM'S FIELDS: "The Duchess" chatting with some of the youngsters after opening, last July, the reconstituted playground situated on the old Foundling Hospital site in Bloomsbury. It is one of the finest playgrounds in London and is named after the great Thomas Coram, the eighteenth-century philanthropist who worked so unceasingly on behalf of the children

AN INCIDENT IN 1933: Arriving to open the Boys' and Girls' Social Club at Dagenham. Another charming impression of the new Queer

VISITING THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN

IN THE CAUSE OF
at a garden party held in the grounds of
devotion to duty has been truly remarkable.
asked to do, and everywhere she has been
force of personal charm and unaffected

REER OF PUBLIC SERVICE

Activities During Her Fourteen Years as Duchess of York

PATRON OF INDUSTRY: Making a tour of the British Industries Fair where, like the Queen Mother, she always spends as much as possible

RECEIVING PURSES AT KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL after opening the Nurses' Home there. In the past fourteen years "the Duchess" has shown herself unwearied in visiting and encouraging hospitals, maternity centres, girls' clubs, housing colonies, guilds, girls' schools, settlements—in fact, every kind of institution and activity having a bearing on the welfare of her sex

CHARITY: Receiving purses St. James's Palace in July, 1932. Her Majesty's The more she has done the more she has been in the course of her public work she has, by interest in everything, won all hearts

TOURING THE WARDS AT THE NEW MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH

Nearly fourteen years have gone by since the Duke of York proposed to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon at St. Paul's Waldenbury, the Earl of Strathmore's Hertfordshire seat, and now fact has once again outstripped fiction and the youngest daughter of an Earl is Queen. Her Majesty was born on August 4, 1900 and she is a descendant of the Scottish King, Robert II

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

The life story of the new monarch has much in common with that of his revered father. Both were younger sons of reigning kings with at first little prospect of coming to the throne, both held the title of Duke of York, and both received their early training at sea. Such coincidences surely augur well for the new reign that has come into being in such dramatic circumstances

CHOOSING FABRICS during a visit to an Exhibition and Sale of Goods made by war-disabled men at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. *Below*—Another impression of Queen Mary taken in this year which has been such a tragic one for her

The Queen Mother

Her Courage and Dignity in the Time of Crisis

WE know now from the lips of the Prime Minister himself, in the course of his simple and moving speech, which is a record for ever of the agonising days which he spent in conference with his Monarch, why the King never moved from Fort Belvedere.

The King was a self-incarcerated prisoner. He did not move beyond the little domain which he knew was his last stronghold in the Empire which he was about to forfeit. He told Mr. Baldwin that he feared even the cheers which his presence might cause in London. And therefore, by implication, we know why on Wednesday His Majesty went to Royal Lodge, Windsor, where he met Queen Mary, the Duke of York, the Duke of Kent, the Princess Royal, and the Earl of Athlone.

Perhaps we may never know why that little gathering of the Royal Family took place. It is conceivable that it was to say good-bye. The King, we were being told with an irritating iteration, had not made up his mind. But the King knows his mind better than that. It is conceivable that from the first he was unalterable in his purpose.

Some have thought it contrary to strict etiquette that Queen Mary should go down to Windsor to see her son. As a fact all customary etiquette was observed. The Queen did not go to Fort Belvedere. She went to Windsor. And there the King that is no more our King, visited his mother.

On the other hand, the Court Circular, reads:—

"The Queen, accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Earl of Athlone, visited the King this afternoon." That is because the King whom we have lost was still King.

And it was possible for son and mother, King and Queen-Mother (though we call her Queen Mary) to meet at Windsor because he was able to make use of a private road by Virginia Water. And there was the kindliness of a fog to veil his car.

It must have been a meeting which mother and son will never forget. It would be improper, indeed one dare not endeavour, to conceive what may have taken place. But the meeting does reveal that it was one of the most poignant moments in what must have been a grievous week to Queen Mary.

As we have suffered distress, what must her distress not have been?

Throughout this time, indeed, with hurried comings and goings, with rumours and alarms, and with statement following thick on statement, amid all the confusion, there stands out an unforgettable figure—a figure, erect, dignified, kindly, benign. The figure of the Queen; going about her ways as though she were determined to show that calamity of country, and personal distress of mind, may be borne with supreme and touching dignity; duty is still duty for a Queen.

Now think on this. On December 3 the King went to see his Royal mother at Marlborough House. On that day it was just possible that he could see her. The more fevered days were still to come. Again we dare not dwell on what might have taken place. Yet on that same day the Queen passed out of the gates of Marlborough House through a silent little crowd—a silence which was of sympathy—and she acknowledged their silence with a slight inclination of the head. She sat erect, serene, a quiet smile upon her lips. She gave no sign of what must have been passing in her mind or of the heaviness in her heart.

She drove to the Crystal Palace to see the ruins left by the great fire. There she spent a long time with Sir Frank Buckland walking from spot to spot, chatting quietly and lightly, recalling scenes which she had witnessed at the Crystal Palace, recalling happier days. And never from first to last was her serenity shaken. She moved and spoke like an untroubled Queen, and the wonder of her remained among those to whom she had talked long after her departure.

Indeed, if you study the record of her week

"SHE WENT SHOPPING FOR CHRISTMAS": A picture that evidences the Queen Mother's courage during the crisis. She gave no sign of what must have been passing in her mind or of the heaviness that must have been in her heart

that terrible week—it reads from the pages of the Court Circular as though she were proceeding quietly on her customary social round. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught lunched with her. She went to tea with Queen Ena of Spain. And then, oh wonderful woman, oh wonderful Queen! She went shopping — shopping for Christmas. Surely no soldier ever "carried on" with greater calm or heroism in the face of unhappy odds.

And one must remember, too, that Her Majesty is but fresh from the grief of the loss of her husband. And now, while His Majesty King George V rests in death, her eldest son the King must rest his head beyond his native land. It is difficult to imagine a greater double tragedy for Queen Mary. It must have been in the minds of the people who stood so silently at the gates of Marlborough House as she passed in and out seemingly upon her normal ways.

Marlborough House, which must hold so many memories for her—with the ghosts of a happier past lingering in every corridor. A house which was once a house of love and hope and gaiety, but is now a house of loss and, above all, the loss of hope.

One thinks again of Queen Mary's sad drive to Windsor. The Royal son hurrying to his mother through the fog along that private road. We shall not know till presently whether that was "good-bye."

One thinks again of the tribute paid to her by the silent people with set faces who watched her come and go at Marlborough House. For all that may have been in their hearts, they could give her only one tribute—silence. And in return Her Majesty made the finest return that she could give—serenity. It will go down in our memories of this unprecedented and fearful tragedy as an example of unforgettable fortitude.

As Mr. Baldwin so finely put it, "Let no word be spoken which causes pain to any soul. Let us not forget to-day the revered and beloved figure of Queen Mary, but think of her if speak we must during this debate."

We shall not, indeed, forget

W. H. W.

Queen Mary's Association with Mary Macarthur

IN her life of Queen Mary (published by Messrs. Hutchinson) Kathleen Woodward gives some most revealing glimpses of Her Majesty which bear wonderful testimony to her efficiency, strength of character, and kindliness.

For instance, here is a reference to her association with the famous woman social worker, Mary Macarthur, on that able body of women, known as the Central Committee, which came into being in 1914,

When Mary Macarthur at length recovered from the shock of meeting a great woman upon obediently presenting herself at Buckingham Palace in response to the summoning of a Queen, she was quite overwhelmed by the discovery of the woman that was Queen Mary. To the lasting credit of Mary Macarthur, it must be said that, having the sense and the vision at once to perceive the manner of woman she had met at Buckingham Palace, she had also the courage—and it needed courage—not to conceal the discovery from her comrades in the Movement. Indeed, far from resting in the merely negative attitude of not concealing her discovery, she told it to all whom she met. Right and left she broadcast the news.

What this courage and this honesty have cost Mary Macarthur in the good opinion of sections of the Movement is apparent now that she is dead. It is, however, comforting to remember that in life she was much too big to bother about such trivial criticisms and disapprovals. In certain quarters her whole association with the Queen was suspect; and Mary went blithely on, positively revelling in this new experience and, with her customary shrewd Scottish sense, never letting an opportunity slip.

Here is another extract from the book, dealing with Queen Mary's life and work during her husband's reign:—The appeals that come to Queen Mary, public and private, are endless; and whether the letter is addressed to "Mrs. Queen," "Mrs. England," "Madam Majesty" (it is simply amazing how the changes are rung on the form of address) they are all alike opened by Queen Mary; for she attends to her own post. Private devotions over, her public day begins; and mostly, it is all day. Before breakfast, beginning actually with the hair-dressing, the back of the post is broken; and on each letter are pencilled directions for the reply. It is a remarkable as well as a colossal post that comes to Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace; and sandwiched in the multifarious appeals is sometimes a delightful, to Her Majesty inspiring and encouraging, little note, lovingly laboured, possibly from somewhere in the Isle of Dogs:

"Just a few lines hoping you are the same as it leaves me at present . . . . Wishing your son the Prince of Wales many, many happy returns of the day, God bless him . . . . I shall always remember your son's birthday, for he was born on my wedding day . . ."

"So kind of her to remember my David . . . ."

It brings swiftly the inexpressible smile; and there are more letters, scores of them; but still there was that homely little note.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND HER FIRST GRANDDAUGHTER

A camera study taken some years ago of Her Majesty with Princess Elizabeth, the new heir presumptive to the throne

THE LINE OF SUCCESSION

The 1st Twelve Living Heirs to the Throne

and Some Historical Notes on the Subject

1 THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE: Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth who is first in succession to the throne

Ever since the time of the Norman Conquest the hereditary principle has been accepted for the succession to the throne, with some slight limitations. William the Conqueror passed over his eldest son, Robert, to whom he left Normandy, and expressed his desire that William, the second son, who seemed vigorous and capable, should be King of England. As it happened William II was cruel, vicious, and unjust—so that his death in the New Forest was welcomed. His younger brother Henry got himself chosen immediately by the barons at Winchester, who again overlooked the weak Robert. When Henry I died, leaving only a daughter, Matilda, the barons chose Stephen, the late King's nephew, the son of his sister, Adela. Matilda, who had married Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, raised a civil war, which in the end was settled by Stephen, whose only son had died, agreeing that Matilda's son Henry should be his heir.

Henry II, the first of the long Plantagenet line, to whom England owed much from his improvement of the laws and methods of administering justice, left three sons, the eldest of whom, Richard I, was accepted at once without question, the first of the descendants of the Conqueror to find no opposition to his claim. When Richard died there were two claimants for the throne, Arthur, the son of his brother Geoffrey (who had died before him) and John, his youngest brother. The barons chose the uncle in preference to the boy Arthur—"forasmuch as we see him to be prudent and vigorous." A child on the throne was not at that time considered a possibility, but John's evil character and the misery which he brought upon the country caused a change of opinion, so that his young son, Henry III, aged nine years old, was accepted as King. The right of the barons to select the King was last used when they made the unfortunate choice of King John.

Edward I followed his father, Henry III, in direct succession, and so did his son, Edward II, who lost the throne through his own folly, and the vindictiveness of a faithless wife, supported by a section of the feudal barons. He was forced to abdicate, leaving the throne to his eldest son, Edward III.

So strongly was the hereditary succession established that when Edward III died his ten-year-old grandson Richard II was made King, though King Edward had left three grown sons, all apparently more fitted for the task of government than the child King. But Richard was the son of the eldest son, the Black Prince, and his claim was accepted. His fall from power, so well known to us all from the magic of Shakespeare's pen, led to his forced abdication, and to the accession of his cousin, Henry IV, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Henry put out a specious claim to hereditary right, which could scarcely have been believed at the time, for a descendant of an elder son of Edward III, Edmund Mortimer, had been named by Richard II as his heir in strict order of succession. Without doubt Henry IV was a usurper.

The three Kings of the House of Lancaster followed in due father to son order, Henry IV, Henry V, and Henry VI. Civil war broke out during the weak reign of the last Lancastrian, resulting in the people of London offering the crown to Edward, Duke of York, who claimed the hereditary right through his mother, descended from the second son of Edward III.

Edward IV left two young sons, one of whom had been acclaimed Edward V, though he never reigned, his uncle, Richard, bringing about his death in the Tower of London. Richard persuaded Parliament to nominate him as rightful king, bringing forward some fabulous story that Edward IV, his elder brother, was illegitimate. His acceptance was largely due to the fact that Edward IV's secret marriage to Elizabeth Woodville had been generally disliked, and in consequence his ruthless executions were overlooked. At first popular with the people, he lost favour when the rumour that the young princes had been murdered in the Tower grew stronger. His own followers did not support him when Henry Tudor brought an army against him and he died fighting at Bosworth.

Henry VII, the founder of the Tudor dynasty, was descended through his mother from John of Gaunt, the third son of Edward III by his wife, Catherine Swynford—the House of Lancaster had descended from the first wife, Blanche of Lancas ter. The surname of Tudor came from his father Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond. Belonging himself to the Lancastrian party he united the rival houses by marrying Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV, and thus brought about the blending of the rival roses. Parliament acquiesced to Henry's claim, acknowledging his right, but making all things secure by a declaration that the inheritance was to "be, rest, and abide in King Henry VII, and his heirs." Henry VIII succeeded his father in orderly fashion but his many marriages brought about a succession owing to serious problem of ing his two daughhis habit of declaring Elizabeth, legititers, Mary and as he thought fit. mate or otherwise

12 THE MASTER OF CARNEGIE: The seven-year-old grandnephew of King George V

2 PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE who stands next after her sister

3 THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, George V's third son, comes next

4 THE DUKE OF KENT at the moment comes after his elder brother

5 PRINCE EDWARD, who is just over one year old, stands fifth in line

6 The PRINCESS ROYAL comes after her brothers and their children

7 VISCOUNT LASCELLES, elder son of H.R.H. the Princess Royal

8 THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES, second son of the Princess Royal

9 PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, niece of King George V

10 THE EARL OF MACDUFF, son of Princess Arthur of Connaught

11 LADY MAUD CARNEGIE, sister of Princess Arthur of Connaught

THE MYSTERY OF EDWARD VIII

The Strange Story Which Historians Will Have to Analyse as the Years Roll On

EDWARD VIII, then a youth of seventeen years of age, is pictured here wearing the robes in which on July 13, 1911, he was invested as Prince of Wales, the ceremony taking place at Carnarvon Castle, the historic fortress where the first Prince of Wales had, as a new born child, been presented to the burghers. Many in the Principality call to mind the words with which he concluded his investiture speech: "Heb Dduw, heb ddim; Duw a digon"—"Without God, without anything; God is enough"

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH: *Left*—Edward VIII as a baby of eighteen months and (*right*) with his brothers King George VI (then Prince Albert) and the Duke of Kent (then Prince George)

"The Fairy Prince of Carnarvon"

THE MYSTERY OF EDWARD VIII: A FURTHER PHASE OF SMILING YOUTH

THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: The Prince of Wales, the centre of an admiring, smiling throng during a visit to Ontario Agricultural College. This was in 1919 when, by going to Canada and the United States, he started that long series of visits abroad which won him the sobriquet, "Ambassador of Empire"

"CADET EDWARD OF WALES": With Captain Campbell on board H.M.S. *Hindustan*, in which he saw service for three months after passing out of Dartmouth in 1911. It was in this year that he went to Carnarvon Castle to be made Prince of Wales, being the first holder of the title invested there

GROWING UP: The ever-smiling Prince with Warwick Armstrong, captain of the Australian Test team which visited England in the summer of 1921. The future Edward VIII was then twenty-seven, but he looked very much younger

A TRIUMPHANT HOMECOMING IN 1922: Acknowledging the cheers from the balcony of Buckingham Palace on completing the third of his great overseas tours. This one had taken him to India, Burma, Japan, and Egypt

THE ABDICATED KING DURING YOUNG MANHOOD

Some Further Glimpses of the Career of Edward VIII When Still Prince of Wales—The Years 1919 to 1927

WHEN THE MAORIS WELCOMED HIM: Greeting native women in the course of his New Zealand tour, when he was accorded what many writers have described as far the greatest ovations of his career. This Dominion, though at the other end of the earth, has always shown intense loyalty to the throne

IN HIS OWN PRINCIPALITY: In collier's kit before descending a mine in the Welsh coalfield in 1919. Seventeen years later he was destined, as one of the last public acts of his reign, to re-visit this same area when it had fallen on evil days, its war and immediate post-war prosperity vanished in the slump

"THE PRINCE" IN 1927—AT THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE: *Left*—A cheerful picture taken during a tour of the West country. *Right*—Bidding goodbye to Queen Elizabeth (then Duchess of York) as she left for

Australia on a visit which had as its principal object the opening of the Commonwealth's new Federal Parliament House at Canberra. Standing in the background is the Duke of Gloucester, at that time His Royal Highness Prince Henry

EDWARD VIII ON HIS TRAVELS

As Heir Apparent He Journeyed to the Ends of the Earth, Covering About 250,000 miles

ON THE WATERS OF THE ZAMBESI: The Prince (as he then was) taking a trip in a dug-out canoe. An incident of the tour of 1925 when he visited West and South Africa and received, from natives and whites alike, a tremendous reception in every town and city. His tours lasted in the aggregate three years, during which he covered a distance of approximately 250,000 miles

THE VISIT TO JAPAN IN 1922: Walking across one of the Tokyo parks with the Crown Prince and Crown Princess who four years later succeeded as Emperor and Empress. During his stay the Prince was made a General of the Japanese Army and received many other honours

AT MANDALAY: Meeting widows of Burmese soldiers who had lost their lives in the war. This was in 1922 on the tour of the Far East; one of his most arduous

SHOOTING IN NEPAL from the howdah used by King George V when he went to India for the Coronation Durbar years before. Edward VIII was never such a good marksman as his father

AT "THE WORLD'S VIEW": Standing near the graves of Cecil Rhodes and Sir Starr Jameson, the great Imperialists, in the Matoppo Hills, near Bulawayo, Rhodesia

Between 'hands'

No matter how the cards may fall, you can be sure of a 'handful of trumps' on one occasion (if not more) during the evening—provided you give the *correct* '*call*' . . . .

Schweppes

By Appointment

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The Craven "A" Rocker Blotter Casket. Contains **75** *Cigarettes for* **4/6**

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25 *for* **1/3** **50** *for* **2/6** **100** *for* **5/-** **150** *for* **7/6** **200** *for* **10/-**

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THE OPEN-AIR PURSUITS OF EDWARD VIII

An All-Round Sportsman with a Particular Passion for Horsemanship

OLFING KIT AT BIARRITZ: Assiduous though the ex-King has always been in applying himself to games of various kinds he has never aspired to the role of champion, preferring to regard sport in the first instance as a relaxation, and in the second instance as a means of maintaining fitness. At golf he is inclined to be impetuous, but he takes an immense delight in it and at times is really brilliant

SPORT HAD ITS PLACE IN HIS LIFE, but always there was the burden of royal routine. This picture was taken during a visit to a new housing settlement

TAKING A FENCE ON "MISS MUFFET" at the Household Brigade steeplechases in 1928—a time when he was riding with such keenness that a full share of accidents came his way and were a cause of great public concern. Much to the relief of his father and mother he eventually abandoned his activities in this direction, but not before he had demonstrated both his courage and his skill. Although not a natural horseman, he succeeded by numerous seasons of diligent practice in acquiring a good seat

HELPING WITH A ROUND-UP ON HIS ALBERTA RANCH: It was rumoured last week that the property was open for sale by private treaty, and that a likely purchaser of it was Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, the famous polar explorer, who was known to have been received in audience at Buckingham Palace. A rich oil strike has been made in the vicinity. *Below*—Swimming at the Lido during a visit to Venice in 1932

IMPORTANT PUBLIC APPEARANCES OF THE BRIEF REIGN

Edward VIII with the Fighting Services and in the South Wales Distressed Area—the "Incident" on Constitution Hill

MAKING LIGHT OF IT: Edward VIII and the officer accompanying him joking together as they passed down Constitution Hill a moment or two after the "revolver incident" last July when the King was threatened by a man called McMahon standing among the crowd on the processional route. Earlier that morning he had presented new colours to six battalions of the Guards

INSPECTING A SHIP'S COMPANY during his two days with t Home Fleet off Portland in November. The visit, which took pla in stormy weather, was notable for its thoroughness and made deep impression on the 10,000 officers and men of this comma

EMERGING FROM THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE NEW SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER "NARWHAL": Another incident during the two days' visit o the Home Fleet in mid-November. In the eleven months of his reign the King spent a considerable amount of time with the Navy, Army, and Air Force

AT THE BOVERTON FARM: In conversation with workers at this Glamorganshire settlement where members of the vast army of unemployed in South Wales are being settled on the land. This was his first place of call during his tour of the distressed area which took him to some of the hardest hit portions of the Welsh coalfield

LAST HOURS AT FORT BELVEDERE

As Edward VIII Prepared to Leave the Country

OREST RETREAT: Fort Belvedere, where Edward VIII spent the week of the crisis and the greater part of the time between his abdication and his departure

ILEGED: This woman, employed as a kitchen-help at the Fort, is believed to have been the only member of the staff to leave the grounds during the crisis

"LIGHTS HALF SEEN ACROSS A MURKY LEA": All the windows of Fort Belvedere in darkness except three on the ground floor; a picture taken on the night of Thursday, December 10, after the King had made his decision and signed the Instrument of Abdication

SAD LEAVE TAKINGS: *Left*—Mr. Walter Monckton, Attorney General to the Duchy of Cornwall, who played such a big part in the negotiations between the former king and the Prime Minister, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who had several audiences of some hours during the last fateful days, driving away from the Fort after a farewell luncheon party on December 11. *Right*—Lord Louis Mountbatten's car passing out of the gates

HOW THE ABDICATION CAME: *The Last Fateful Hours*

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY: The crowd thronging round the Premier's car at the gates of New Palace Yard when Mr. Baldwin arrived to make the momentous speech that followed the announcement of the Abdication. Although it is only a trifling distance from Downing Street to the House, the Premier had some difficulty in reaching his destination owing to a serious traffic jam. In the end his chauffeur had to drive at full speed along Parliament Street on the wrong side of the road. There were two narrow escapes from head-on collisions

THRONGED PARLIAMENT SQUARE: A glimpse of the crowd which gathered outside the House on the afternoon of the Abdication. Police vans drove slowly among the people, amplified voices requesting them to disperse

THE DECISION BECOMES KNOWN: *Left*—Reading the Abdication announcement, and (*right*), newspaper bills displayed in the City. Quite a few members of the public sought to buy copies of the Bill bearing the word "Abdication" regarding it as in the nature of an historic document which might one day be valuable

Much of the inner story of the closing phase of the Royal drama was revealed by Mr. Baldwin when he addressed the House on Thursday, December 10, after the Speaker had read out the message of abdication from King Edward.

Of particular interest was the record of the last minute attempt of the Cabinet to avert renunciation. "On Wednesday morning when the Cabinet received the King's final and definite answer," said the Premier, "they passed a minute and, in accordance with it, I sent this message to His Majesty. . . .

'*Mr. Baldwin, with his humble duty to the King.*

'This morning Mr. Baldwin reported to the Cabinet his interview with your Majesty yesterday and informed his colleagues that your Majesty then communicated to him informally your firm and definite intention to renounce the Throne.

'The Cabinet received this statement of your Majesty's intention with profound regret and wished Mr. Baldwin to convey to your Majesty immediately the unanimous feeling of your Majesty's servants.

'Ministers are reluctant to believe that your Majesty's resolve is irrevocable, and still venture to hope that, before your Majesty pronounces any formal decision, your Majesty may be pleased to reconsider your intention, which must so deeply distress and so vitally affect all your Majesty's subjects.'

"His Majesty's reply," continued the Premier, "came in the evening and was couched in these words:—'The King has received the Prime Minister's letter

A CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE GREAT DRAMA: Mr. Baldwin, who had the task of negotiating with the King during the long week of crisis that preceded the Abdication

of December 9, 1936, imforming him of the views of the Cabinet. His Majesty has given the matter his further consideration, but regrets he is unable to alter his decision.'"

There was a break in Mr. Baldwin's voice as he read this last fateful decision made by His Majesty. The Prime Minister seemed on the verge of tears. Then he continued his speech by saying:

"My last words on that subject are that I am convinced that, where I have failed, no one could have succeeded. His mind was made up. Those who know His Majesty best will know what that means

"This House to-day is a theatre which is being watched by the whole world. Let us conduct ourselves with that dignity that His Majesty himself is showing in this hour of his trial.

"Whatever be our regret at the contents of the message let us fulfil his wishes, to do what he asks, and to do it with speed, and let no word be spoken to-day that the speaker may regret in days to come.

"Let no word be spoken that causes pain to any soul, and let us not forget to-day the revered and beloved figure of Queen Mary.

"Think what all this time has meant to her and think of her when we have to speak, if speak we must, during this debate.

"Let us look forward and remember our country and the trust reposed by our country in this, the House of Commons, and let us rally behind the new King.

"Whatever the country may have suffered by what we are passing through, it may soon be repaired, and we shall take what steps we can in trying to make this country a better country for all people in it."

THE ABDICATION OF EDWARD VIII : The End of a Reign Lasting 325 Days

INSTRUMENT OF ABDICATION

I, Edward the Eighth, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare My irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne for Myself and for My descendants, and My desire that effect should be given to this Instrument of Abdication immediately.

In token whereof I have hereunto set My hand this tenth day of December, nineteen hundred and thirty six, in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are subscribed.

SIGNED AT
FORT BELVEDERE
IN THE PRESENCE
OF

Edward R.I.

Albert

Henry.

George.

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that has all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit.

—Shakespeare's RICHARD II

AN HISTORIC DOCUMENT: The Instrument of Abdication signed by Edward VIII and witnessed by his three brothers, the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Kent, which was delivered to Parliament on Thursday, December 10, together with a message setting forth the reasons that led to the taking of this drastic step. After this had been read by the Speaker, and several members had spoken, the Prime Minister asked and obtained leave to bring in the Abdication Bill. This was finally passed into law at 1.52 p.m. on the day following

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10

As the Reign Drew to a Close

Few will ever forget the morning of Thursday, December 10, when the people of Britain waited tensely for the message that was to come, having read their papers and learned that on that day King Edward would make his decision. It was impossible to foretell what the nature of that decision would be, but as the hours dragged on there were strong rumours of abdication, and by lunch time Fleet Street knew that Edward VIII had given up the burden of his throne and that the Duke of York had consented to take his place. At 3.42 p.m., Parliament was told officially . . . the end of another reign was at hand and the great drama was over

"PRINCE EDWARD'S" BROADCAST

A Moving Farewell to His Former Subjects

While millions of his former subjects sat round their wireless sets as 10 o'clock approached on the evening of December 11, Edward VIII prepared for the greatest ordeal of his career—his broadcast speech of farewell. It was a moment of intense drama as Sir John Reith came to the microphone and announced: "This is Windsor Castle. His Royal Highness Prince Edward". There was a silence of a second or two and then came the familiar voice of the abdicated monarch, at first charged with emotion but none the less clear and resonant.

"At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak. A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart. You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the Throne. But I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the Empire which as Prince of Wales, and lately as King, I have for 25 years tried to serve. But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love. And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course. I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon the single thought of what would in the end be best for all. This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sure knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith, without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the Empire. And he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me—a happy home with his wife and children. . . . . I now quit altogether public affairs, and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station I shall not fail. And now we all have a new King. I wish him, and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. *God save the King.*"

EDWARD VIII AT THE MICROPHONE: A picture taken at Broadcasting House last March when he made the first broadcast of his reign and the 76th of his career—a speech that lasted about eight minutes and was heard by hundreds of millions of people in all parts of the world, creating a deep impression by reason of its simplicity and sincerity. As Prince of Wales he was one of the pioneers of radio, at once realising its immense potentialities as a means of establishing personal touch and never missing an opportunity of employing it

AFTER THE WORLD-WIDE RELAY: *Left*—Patrons of the London Casino and artistes standing to attention for the singing of the National Anthem following the ex-King's broadcast. This was only one of many places of entertainment in the West End where arrangements were made for amplifying the speech, while among the many countries which heard it were Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Finland, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Argentina, and the United States. With few exceptions reception was perfectly clear. *Right*—Edward VIII driving away from Windsor Castle, his ordeal over

THE SHIP THAT BORE HIM AWAY: The destroyer *Fury* in which Prince Edward left Portsmouth at 1.20 a.m. on the morning of Saturday, December 12, only a few hours after he had made his broadcast. The vessel departed in the greatest secrecy, many of those in the dockyard being unaware of the arrangements, and arrived at Boulogne at 3.55 on the following afternoon. Prince Edward, who by that time had become Duke of Windsor as a result of his brother's proclamation, then boarded a special Pullman coach attached to the Austrian express, and he reached Vienna on Sunday, going at once to stay with Baron Eugene de Rothschild

THE NEW SOVEREIGN PROCLAIMED IN LONDON

LANCASTER HERALD READING THE PROCLAMATION: Mr. A. G. B. Russell making the announcement of the new King's Accession at Charing Cross, one of the various points in London where, in accordance with time-honoured custom, this was done last Saturday. Not even the fog and drizzling rain of a grey afternoon could rob the occasion of its pageantry; nor did the weather deter large crowds from assembling along the processional route from St. James's Palace to the Royal Exchange. The ceremonial was identical with that enacted last January, but many must have reflected how different was the occasion, for the trumpets that greeted Edward VIII carried with them a note of noble sorrow for the sovereign who had died after a life fulfilled, but those that greeted George VI, while bringing new hope, also brought regrets for the might-have-beens of a reign cut short

KING GEORGE VI PROCLAIMED

Further Aspects of Last Saturday's Ceremonial

THE REIGN INAUGURATED: The scene on the balcony of St. James's Palace, as Garter King of Arms, Sir Gerald Wollaston (*on right*), read the first of the announcements of the Accession, set out in the traditional form and containing the words "We do now hereby proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert is now become our only lawful and rightful liege lord, George the Sixth"

WITHIN THE CITY BOUNDARY: Norroy King of Arms, resplendent in a tabard embroidered with the Royal Arms, making the third reading of the Accession proclamation at the corner of Chancery Lane. This took place a few moments after the approaching procession had been challenged at Temple Bar and Bluemantle Pursuivant had sought and obtained permission from the Lord Mayor to enter the confines of the City of London

IN THE HEART OF THE CITY: *Left*—Clarenceux King of Arms (Mr. A. W. Cochrane), surrounded by fellow members of the College of Arms and civic dignitaries, reading the proclamation from the steps of the Royal Exchange—a ceremony which took place after darkness had set in. There was also an additional reading of the announcement on Tower Hill by Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Faviell, D.S.O., Major of His Majesty's Tower of London, who is seen in the right-hand picture standing at attention as three cheers were called for the new King. Similar ceremonies of proclamation took place throughout the Commonwealth

LONDON ECHOES TO THE ROYAL BIRTHDAY SALUTES

And His Majesty's Accession is Proclaimed in Windsor and at the Eton Boundary of the Town

THE TOWER OF LONDON a salute of forty-one guns was fired in honour of the King's forty-first birthday and exactly the same ceremonial took place in Hyde Park. His Majesty received messages of congratulation from all parts of the world and from many heads of States

PAGEANTRY IN THE ROYAL BOROUGH: The fanfare of trumpets which preceded the Accession Proclamation in Windsor last Monday

WINDSOR CEREMONIAL: *Left*—The scene at the Eton boundary as the Town Clerk read the Accession Proclamation in the presence of a large crowd including many members of the college. *Right*—The Mayor, Lieut.-Col. A. E. Churcher, reading the Proclamation on Castle Hill, at the foot of the Queen Victoria statue

WHAT PEOPLE THOUGHT AND SAID

The Church Service.—*Almighty God, the Fountain of all Goodness, we humbly beseech Thee to bless our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord King George, our Gracious Queen Elizabeth, Mary, the Queen Mother, the Princess Elizabeth, and all the Royal family.*

THE ADMIRALTY ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS on the evening of December 10 as the news of Edward VIII's abdication was flashed to ships at sea in all parts of the world

General Comment on the Abdication and Accession

The Rebuke to the King's Friends.—By his own will he has abdicated—he has surrendered the trust. With characteristic frankness he has told us his motive. It was a craving for private happiness. Strange and sad it must be that for such a motive, however strongly it pressed upon his heart, he should have disappointed hopes so high and abandoned a trust so great. Even more strange and sad it is that he should have sought his happiness in a manner inconsistent with the Christian principles of marriage, and within a social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts and traditions of his people. Let those who belong to this circle know that to-day they stand rebuked by the judgment of the nation which had loved King Edward. I have shrunk from saying these words. But I have felt compelled for the sake of sincerity and truth to say them. . . . It is the remembrance of these things that wrings from our heart the cry—"the pity of it. Oh, the pity of it!" To the infinite mercy and the protecting care of God we commit him now, wherever he may be. —The Primate, December 13.

A Rebel against the Conventions of Courts.—We may not take risks with a Monarchy. We may not gamble with the Crown on chances which we might be justified in taking in other matters. It is a trustee security.

By temperament a rebel against the conventions of Courts and of his station in life, perhaps younger than his years in heart and in emotional experience, ambitious withal of distinction as he conceives it, and minded, it may be, to essay new and untried paths, the King must now be passing through a time of great distress, which commands the deep sympathy of his country. But he is King, and kingship obliges.—"Scrutator," *Sunday Times*, December 6.

The Deeper Reason for the Abdication.—Why should he have become King only to act in a way understandable perhaps in a man in love but unkingly in a king?

The truth, one suspects, is that he never really wanted to be King, and that his passion, which would not have sufficed to upset the firm and settled bent of kingship, was sufficient to overturn a mind uncertainly balanced between wearing and not wearing a crown. When he was Prince of Wales it was often said that he would refuse the Crown; when the time came he wavered in its dazzling light and took it; and, later, his growing passion decided him that its privilege was not worth the pain . . . . There were those who looked forward eagerly to a fight over the marriage project in the country in order to serve their own political ends. But there is not a scrap of evidence that such an idea ever crossed his mind, and there is plenty of evidence that he was determined that constitutional conflict should be avoided at all costs. In that he honoured both himself and his country. And we acknowledge this, his greatest service to the nation and to the Empire.—"Scrutator," *Sunday Times*, December 13.

Master of a National Crisis.—The account which Mr. Baldwin gave of the events leading up to it was characteristic both of himself and of the King. He may have his defects as a party leader or as an administrator; but in handling a great national problem, in which the life and standards of millions of his fellow-countrymen are concerned, he has no comparable rival either among his own colleagues or in any other walk of public life. Every one of us may well be grateful that he remained in office with sufficient vigour to withstand the terrific strain of the last two months, and to have emerged without dividing the nation, which for a day or two was ripe for schism, or forfeiting the respect and affection of the King, with whom he was dealing for the most part single-handed, or conceding a jot of his own principles, which he knew at heart to be those of the people behind him.

The real clash was between the thoughtlessness of an exotic society and the hard core of a British tradition of conduct which is common to all classes in this country; but it must also be said in fairness that none of us can realise how hard is the path of a King in choosing good friends.

What seems almost incredible is that any man who was born and trained to such high responsibilities, who had clearly the capacity to undertake them, and who had in fact begun to exercise them with the complete good will of the nation, should sacrifice it all to a personal preference for another way of life. *Omnium consensu capax Imperii nisi imperasset*—the well-worn quotation from Tacitus is irresistible. It can hardly have been a better verdict upon the Emperor Galba than it is upon King Edward that all men would have judged him worthy of the Throne if he had never ascended it.—*The Times*, December 11.

The Royal Circle.—We must not be unfair in our judgment. The glory of his service to the Empire as Prince of Wales can never be taken from him. He did that job supremely well. It is equally true that as a King he did not find himself.

By his own will he struck a blow at the very foundation of Empire; he struck at the Throne, the one enduring link which bound together the people of his race. What had happened to the man whose sensibility and responsibility had never faltered before? Was he alone to blame?

King Edward VIII suffered from a weakness that has brought more than one monarchy tumbling to the ground. He surrounded himself with alert, lively, and second-rate minds. Let us have the truth. There were few people of intellectual substance in his intimate circle.

It was inevitable that Mrs. Simpson should shine in such a circle, because she at least had the strength of mind which comes from an indomitable purposefulness. She does not lack humour, and she must have smiled to see the limelight-loving hostesses of Mayfair spreading the red carpet for her and hardly able to keep from curtsying.

What did it matter to them if the Throne of Britain was being made a vaudeville joke for the American people providing that they had captured the woman who had captured the King?—A. Beverley Baxter, M.P., in the *Sunday Graphic*, December 13.

Thoughts for the Queen.—One other Royal figure who has stood in the shadows cast by these poignant events has never for one instant been forgotten. The thoughts of millions have turned to the Queen Mother with the deepest and most respectful sympathy. They have divined instinctively how deeply wounded her pride must have been by incidents which she was powerless to prevent, and how a mother's heart was torn to see her firstborn yield to an infatuation which her larger experience knew must bring Nemesis and catastrophe at the end. Queen Mary's lieges—she has never lost them—will rejoice that her eyes will once more be gladdened by the sight of the Crown in full enjoyment of that high respect without which even affection and loyalty to its wearer are sadly incomplete. The violent agitations of the past week will subside even more rapidly than they arose. The deep waters below the surface have hardly been stirred. Once more England will confound her puzzled critics. She stands firm to her ancient loyalties. The Constitution was never challenged—let that be placed to King Edward's lasting credit.—*Daily Telegraph*, December 11.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY driving to St. James's Palace last Saturday for the meeting of the Accession Council. On Sunday he delivered a broadcast message, entitled "Past and Future," which was chiefly memorable for its frankness. He also stressed the urgent need that the nation should not only rally to its new king but to religion also

From New Zealand.—"Those in close touch with the situation in these sad days have been aware of the fact that no effort has been spared to endeavour to find a solution to a problem suitable to His Majesty and acceptable to the people of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The efforts to this end made in Great Britain and the Dominions have been unsuccessful, and this is a matter which occasions profound and universal regret which will be felt as keenly in this Dominion as elsewhere in the Empire. I have no hesitation in saying that the loyalty of this Dominion to the Crown is as strong and enduring as ever it was.—Mr. Savage, the Prime Minister of New Zealand.

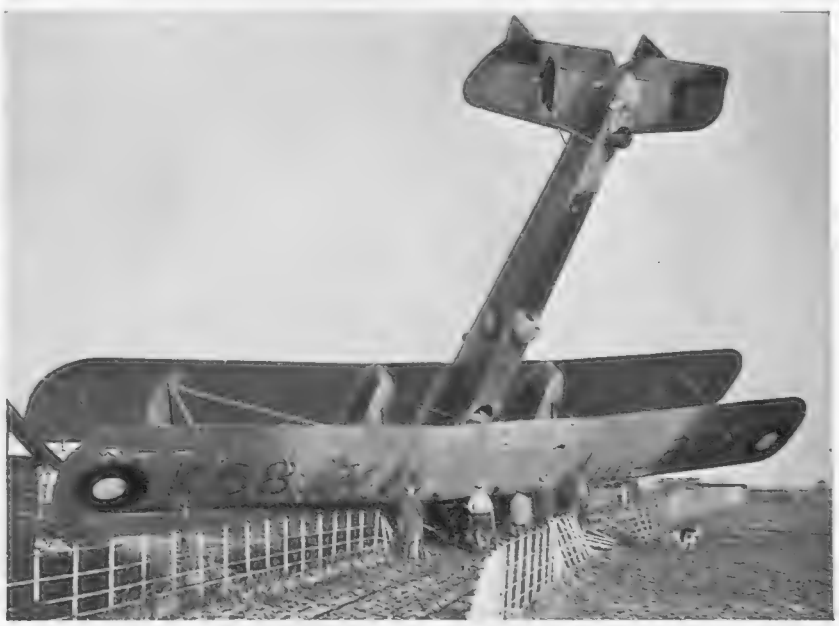
The Threat to Decent Living.—*An American forecast.* "In this country we don't expect much of the scions and scionesses of the over-privileged. They are always marrying and divorcing under a casual chicken-yard code of morality, getting drunk in the night clubs, and seeking their social and intellectual level, and never quite plumbing it, in the haunts of the underworld. But they have no moral responsibility to the country except to provide the extreme example of indecent behaviour, in which it cannot be said that they have ever been remiss. The British will resent the effort to introduce this American custom into their national and spiritual life."—Westbrook Pegler in a New York paper.

FROM THE OUTER WORLD

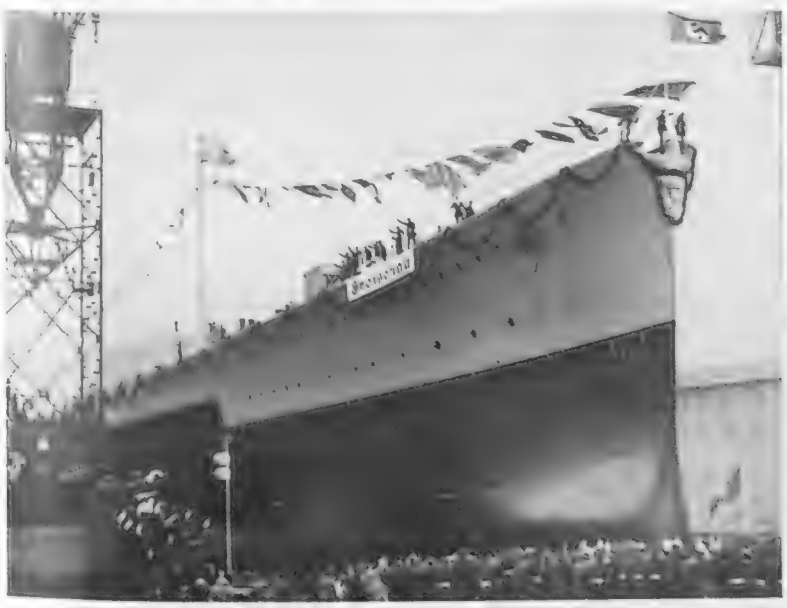
IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS THAT TOOK SECOND PLACE IN THE DAYS OF CRISIS

E CROYDON AIR TRAGEDY: *Above*—Part of the machine embedded in the ruins of a house and (*right*) smouldering wreckage in the garden after a Royal Dutch Air Liner had crashed during a fog in Hillcrest Road, Purley, close to the aerodrome, killing twelve of the thirteen passengers, the pilot, and the mechanic. This is the worst air disaster that has ever occurred in this country, and among the dead were Señor Juan de la Cierva, the inventor and perfecter of the autogiro, Rear-Admiral Arvid Achates Lindman, a former Prime Minister of Sweden, and Baron Gottfried Meyern Hohenburg. The stewardess of the plane had a miraculous escape

EN WILHELMINA OPENING THE NEW DORDRECHT BRIDGE: Her Majesty conducting the inauguration ceremony by pulling a tasselled cord. The wedding of her daughter, Crown Princess Juliana, which is to take place in the near future is to be essentially a family affair, and personal friends of the bride and bridegroom are being accorded first place in the list of invitations



MULTIPLE DISASTER: This bomber, which crashed at Disley, Cheshire, last Saturday, its occupants escaping unhurt, was one of seven that left Aldergrove Airfield, Northern Ireland, for Finningley, Yorkshire. Owing to fog they were unable to maintain formation, and eventually six of the machines were forced down. Two of them crashed in flames, three men being killed and four men making parachute jumps to safety



MISHAP AT THE LAUNCH OF THE "GNEISENAU": A great throng surrounding the 26,500-ton German battleship just before she went down the slipway from the Kiel building yards last week—a ceremony which was held in the presence of Chancellor Hitler, and had an unfortunate sequel a few moments later when the vessel broke two anchor chains and dashed herself against the wall on the other side of the basin. No serious damage was done

THE PASSING OF LUIGI PIRANDELLO: The internationally known Italian dramatist who died in Rome on December 10, at the age of sixty-nine. Although his plays never held the popular ear in this country, owing to their author's rather obscure philosophy, they none-the-less had a certain vogue among the intelligentsia who at least, found in them material for argument. Pirandello's main theme was "the power and prevalence of illusion," and he repeated it time and time again

BOMBED

WHERE EVERY HOUSE IS A POTENTIAL FORTRESS: In spite of the fact that this Madrid building had been seriously damaged by rebel bombing planes, the Government defenders decided that it was worth converting into a defensive post, so sandbags were built up in the gaping doorway and the window frames, and the whole place was fitted to resist a possible infantry attack

A CASE OF CONCUSSION: A large proportion of the window-glass in this building in the business quarter of the city was shattered when a bomb dropped on the street outside—a curious if not very serious result of one of the many rebel air attacks carried out during the past few weeks. It appears that General Franco's planes have met with stronger opposition than they at first anticipated and that losses, both in bombers and fighters, have been high, thus necessitating the expenditure of large sums on replacement. These facts were made known in a recent dispatch from Sir Percival Phillips, the well-known war correspondent

MADRID

ON THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION: All that remained of a newspaper office after one of the many raids carried out by General Franco's fleet of bombing machines

THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY INCENDIARY BOMBS is well exemplified by this picture, showing a big building with its façade still upright but practically the whole of the interior gutted. Squads of voluntary firemen have been assisting the regular force in fighting the numerous fires started by these projectiles

IN THE CAPITAL'S DEVASTATED STREETS: *Left*—A badly damaged lorry in the midst of the general wreckage and (*right*) workmen attempting to clear a debris-strewn roadway. Two more examples of havoc that has now reached incalculable dimensions and, it seems, must inevitably become even more serious as the fighting increases in intensity. One fortunate aspect of the conflict is the fact that the Madrid authorities have seen fit to remove many of the city's art treasures to places of safety. It is not known what has been done with the works in the Prado, but it seems almost certain that they are out of present danger

TROUBLE ON THE N.W. FRONTIER:

Waziristan, Scene of the Recent Clash Between British Troops and Tribesmen

A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION: British officers on the outskirts of Ipi, the village in Waziristan, near the North West Frontier, where trouble arose earlier in the year, and has been going on ever since, as a result of the activities of the local fakir who caused unrest among the tribesmen by his attitude and activities in connection with the alleged conversion of a Hindu girl to Islam. When this picture was taken our troops had arrived to demolish the fakir's home, hoping that this might have a sobering influence

NATIVE TROOPS PLAYING BASKET BALL watched by a party of hostile tribesmen. In theory this is an extraordinary state of affairs, but in actuality no harm eventuates. Rather the reverse, indeed, for many of the tribesmen who come down from the hills decide to join up, and they make excellent soldiers, proving as energetic in fighting for the Government as formerly they were in fighting against it. Once recruited their loyalty is certain

DESTROYING THE FAKIR OF IPI'S HOUSE: A party of the Tochi Scouts, a British-officered force, breaking up the foundations with picks. This action unfortunately had no effect on the fakir who has been continuing to cause unrest throughout the Waziristan region

BETWEEN the border of the British districts of the North West Frontier Province and the Afghan frontier is what is known as the tribal territory, over which the Government of India exercises the minimum of administrative domination, although maintaining strong military units to check the habitual risings.

Waziristan is in the heart of this tribal area, and the British officered native forces there are always ready for trouble, particularly after the crops have been gathered, when the tribesmen have nothing better to do than pit their strength against the Government.

Last April a particularly serious disturbance arose ostensibly as a result of the secret marriage of a Hindu girl to a Muhammadan. The girl's family said that she was abducted, and that pressure was brought to bear on her to convert her to Muhammadanism. According to the girl's own story, she was perfectly happy where she was; but her family, with all the strong religious prejudice of these people, wouldn't believe her, and brought an action against the husband to have her restored to them. The Government put her in the local gaol—the safest place—pending the hearing of the case. The tribesmen, who are Muhammadan, were at once stirred to action by the fakir of Ipi, and the lashkar (tribal army) roughly 4,000 strong, endeavoured to influence the Government in its decision.

Since then the trouble has tended to grow more serious, and on November 26 there was a fierce engagement in the Khaisore Valley, involving considerable loss of life. On the Government side two British majors, a British soldier, and fourteen other Indian ranks were killed, while seventy-seven men were injured.

Regarding one of the pictures on this page, that of Razmak, a correspondent who has recently visited the place writes as follows: Razmak, first started as a camp in 1922, was like a military garden city. The main street, off which other roads led at right angles, was lined by a row of poplars, and practically all the buildings, some of them two storeys high, had gardens in front containing tulips and other spring flowers. The largest building in the main street, obviously the Club, without which no town in India is complete, stood at the back of a

THE SCOUT POST AT MIRANSHAH: A centre of a wide plain and surrounded of the Tochi Scouts, a force that was which has as its mission the patrolling Eleven British officers are in charge

THE FORT AT DATTA KHEL: A mud-built defence post situated in the heart of Waziristan about 15 miles from the Khaisore Valley where a Government force recently suffered heavy casualties in an engagement with tribesmen stirred up by the fakir of Ipi. Two British officers were among the killed, Major J. W. B. Tindall, 7th Rajput Regiment, and Major J. B. P. Seccombe, 13th Frontier Force Rifles. *On right*—The poplar-lined main street of Razmak which has been a military station since 1922 and has been called the world's largest monastery in that no woman has ever been allowed to enter it

spacious l[illegible]n. I reported my arrival to a friend who [illegible]mediately marched me through the town t[illegible] look-out tower in the far corner. Here we c[illegible]ld see the "lay-out" of the entire cam[illegible]s we looked down on those red-painted co[illegible]gated iron roofs so beloved of the Goverr[illegible]ent of India. It was situated on a plain be[illegible]en high hills, and surrounded by masses [illegible]barbed wire. Outside this, and to our left, [illegible]ere the polo ground, a football ground, t[illegible]rge open-air swimming baths and squa[illegible]courts. "Do you ever go up those hills [illegible]" I asked my guide. "I've been once or tw[illegible]o shoot" he answered, "but you have t[illegible]ke an armed escort. They'd bump you [illegible]ake a shot if you went alone. It's a pity [illegible] column is out," he went on. "The wh[illegible] place buzzes with excitement when we're [illegible] to strength. It's pleasanter here than [illegible]'d think. A most wonderful climate. Perhaps it's a bit too cold in winter—we gets lots of snow—but it never gets very hot in summer, and is one of the healthiest stations in India.

Typical North West Frontier fort, situated in the [illegible] entirely by high mud walls. It is the headquarters [illegible] raised in 1900 by Captain Ferguson Davie and [illegible] a particularly unruly section of Waziristan. [illegible] and there are a number of Indian officers

THE BOWMEN OF DATTA KHEL: Tribesmen about to give an archery display with bows gaily decorated with bobbins of wool. Their accuracy is unerring—indeed, almost uncanny—and at 40 and 50 yds. range they are quite capable of hitting an object of no more than 6 sq. ins., doing this time and time again, without recording a single miss. They delight to show their prowess to strangers, and will turn up in force at any hour of the day for the purpose

AN ACTOR OF PROMISE: John Lodge and Antoinette Cellier in *The Tenth Man*, the B.I.P. picture which recently proved quite a draw at the Regal, Marble Arch. The chief interest centres upon the acting of Mr. Lodge, who, with a plausible and forceful personality, plays a ruthless, gentlemanly blackguard. He is an American, but Hollywood for some reason or other let him slip through its fingers

ENTERTAINING SCREEN FARE: Another scene from *The Tenth Man*, which is based on Somerset Maugham's *Ourselves Alone*. Although it has a tendency to be over theatrical it is none the less a good picture, with a vigorous story and plenty of action

DRAMA

Reviewed by

PHILIP PAGE

IT seems that one recipe—if, possibly, a negative one and certainly an ungallant one—for making a revue funny is to allow women to play but an infinitesimal part in it. Thus *Laughter Over London* at the Victoria Palace, most of which is, beyond question, very funny indeed, manages to get away with it without any woman who could, in the theatrical sense, be described as a big noise.

There is, it is true, a woman who makes a big noise, but she is, by some merciful dispensation, permitted to make it for a short time only and at rare intervals. She bellowed bass notes into a microphone with an effect which, to me at any rate, was most distressing. The programme, however, was so arranged that after this, reeling under the blow and with ear-drums at cracking point, one was enabled to bob up and enjoy a spot of comedy.

Lots of comedy in this revue. Very little of it subtle comedy, with the exception of Mr. George Robey, almost the only comedian who is both broad and subtle. Those who imagined, as I did, that Mr. Robey would take as prominent a part in this as he has done in so many revues, will be disappointed, as I was. For this is not a revue at all, except that it has a *compère*; it is simply a programme of music-hall turns, with Mr. Robey as the best of them. On the opening night he certainly made his bow at the rise of the curtain and said a few words just as it was about to fall. I suspect that this was in honour of the occasion and that in future he will just do his one "act" *sans cérémonie*.

And how good that is! The old parsonic collarless coat, the old black hat, the old cane, the old eyebrows and, if you like, some of the old jokes, with a song not quite so old and not quite so good. But the superb assurance of this method of putting impropriety into proper domesticity! Mr. Billy Bennett is as British and, in his own line, incomparable.

Apart from these two, it was a case of laughter over almost any capital other than London—mainly New York. The revue is predominantly American, with the flavour of 42nd Street about it. Those who do not know the entertainments which flourish in that thoroughfare may care to learn that the flavour is usually rather strong.

A baldheaded gentleman uttered "gags," what time he peeled a potato, calculated to peel the skin off the cheeks of the squeamish. A sketch in which two comedians pretended to be effeminate youths was rather too nasty and not, I think, amusing. Although Mr. Lou Holtz is a lively *compère*, with a pleasant personality and a grand sense of fun, some of his jokes have not grown either younger or more savoury as the result of his journey from the Adelphi to a theatre more southerly and likely to be, at least for him, more profitable.

The Diamond Brothers, a lively trio, are safe enough when bandying themselves about, except in the sense that their leaps and tumbles are so perilous that their necks must surely be in danger; but when they bandy words, those words are often blue. With Van Dock, a clever caricaturist, Messrs. Wahl and Trama—the long and short of it in acrobatic humour—an attractive Mexican girl, and Miss June Hart and Mr. Jack Holland, ballroom dancers, all anxiety passed.

PANTO DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN: Anona Winn (the Prince) fitting the glass shoe on Edna Best (Cinderella). A rehearsal in progress for the coming Christmas show at the Coliseum. Also in the cast are Lupino Lane, Billy Nelson, and Douglas Wakefield

But whole-hearted laughter can surely justify much There is laughter here—billows of it.

"The Witch of Edmonton."—Edmonton changed for the cheerier in the period between Thomas Dekker's writing of *The Witch of Edmonton* and Cowper's genial poem of John Gilpin.

After a quarter of an hour of the eerie old play, which has but little beyond its eeriness to commend it, I would myself have repaired unto the "Bell" at Edmonton in something swifter than a chaise and pair had there not been hostels less historic but nearer to the Old Vic where, for some eerie reason they have revived a play for which the top shelf is the proper place.

The Old Vic is not intended solely to be an educational institution, though in part it is one. I do not wish to enter into the moral aspect of these digs into drama so long buried that much of it is decomposing and consequently in need of deodorisation. The point was thrashed out, to the accompaniment of much carrolling, when at this theatre was revived recently *The Country Wife*, which is as improper a play as it would be possible to find in any country and in any century.

The Country Wife and *The Witch of Edmonton*, though long years separate them, have much in common. They differ in that the former is an interesting play and the latter, for the most part, a dull one. In a period of playwriting when even the poorest play was usually redeemed by some touch of poetry, this has managed to escape every approach to any kind of beauty. It is a flat-footed affair except for its macabre horrors—the witch, her "familiar" in dog form, and other diabolical twists and phases—and these soon pall.

Contemporary audiences believed in such things. Twentieth-century audiences—more than 99 per cent. of them, that is to say—do not. Yet twentieth-century audiences could be impressed by them theatrically had Thomas Dekker been a better dramatist. It is said that Rowley and Ford had a hand in the play. Their names do not appear on the programme as collaborators; but their shades should be wary of pressing any claim.

The Old Vic production is extremely good, thanks to M. Michel St. Denis, and that is some compensation for a surprising and, I consider, quite unnecessary choice. Good, too, is the acting, particularly that of Mr. Marius Goring as the conscience-stricken Thorney, and of Miss Edith Evans as the Witch.

"The Fighting Navy" (Film).—This film is not as yet before the public, but I am delighted to receive details of a production in which a portion of the British Navy is put to dignified and legitimate use. *The Fighting Navy* is a Herbert Wilcox production, in which "Bartimaeus," that admirable writer of sea-stories has had a hand. The story has topical touches about it which may or may not be coincidence.

The scene is a revolution in a South American republic (which is more naval than novel) with the President, worsted for the moment by the rebels, taking refuge in the British Consulate. A rebel battleship threatens to shell the building unless the President is given up. But a British cruiser comes to the rescue and all is well. Miss Hazel Terry (daughter of the late Dennis Neilson Terry and granddaughter of the late Fred Terry) is as pretty as a peach and plays the daughter of the British Consul. Mr. Noah Beery is the President, and Mr. Robert Douglas is the captain of the British cruiser.

Mr. Douglas is a first-rate young actor but much too youthful in appearance to command a warship. This point particularly struck me in view of the fact that that admirable actor Mr. H. G. Stoker is not only a suitable age for naval command but has had practical war-time experience of it.

"Careless Rapture."—Pantomimes are being prepared on, I hear, a particularly lavish scale in both London and the provinces. As a conservative in these matters I found myself lamenting that Drury Lane was not to produce a pantomime this year until I paid a second visit to *Careless Rapture*. I thought this an admirable musical show of the spectacular type when it was first produced. It is a 100 per cent. better entertainment now; indeed, it has almost everything that pantomime has, and a great deal more besides. Mr. Ivor Novello has acted in more serious stuff but never with better effect; Miss Dorothy Dickson is as charmingly graceful as ever; Miss Zena Dare puts immensely humorous point into her lines.

This England . . .

Welford-on-Avon, Glos.

WHEATEN straw or good Norfolk reed, layered thick and bound with many a cunning turn, makes a roof well-suited to our changeful climate. Thatch indeed has sheltered the race in its rise to grandeur. And with its simple ingenuity, its coolness in summer and effective warmth in winter, it is typical of the slow-spun wisdom of our fathers. Beer, for instance, they evolved as needful to men who used their bodies healthily and hard — men of clear heads and steady hands. One of the grandest beers they brewed, you know and drink today as Worthington. And that, too, is cooling in summer, warming in winter . . .

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= SOME OUTSTANDING BOOKS OF 1936 =

A Guide for the Christmas Present Giver Compiled by VERNON FANE

BOOKS, I need not remind you, make ideal presents. The pleasure they can give may extend through a lifetime; their selection is a compliment both to the recipient and the giver.

But what books to give? Thousands of new ones have been published this year: none of us can have read them all. To help our choice I have been asked to compile a list (which you will find on this page) of both fiction and "general" books which will make suitable presents.

To avoid a false order of merit I have arranged them alphabetically by their authors' names. I do not for a moment suggest that they are the *best* books of the year. Some of them are "best sellers," some are not; but they are the books which, in my own reading, I have remembered with most pleasure or for some outstanding quality.

Fiction being the most popular, I will take that first, and I find that alphabetically Lord Berners leads off with **THE CAMEL**, which I remember was a delightful piece of nonsense in which a camel, a most discerning animal with an intensity of purpose, played Old Harry in and around the village of Slumbermere. A book for those who like fantasy well spiced with wit.

Mr. Graham Greene's **A GUN FOR SALE** is a thriller for connoisseurs. It is far removed from the conventional murder or detective story, unless of course you would place some of the best of R. L. Stevenson in this category. Mr. Greene deserves comparison with R. L. S.; this is a grand novel.

A moving and unforgettable novel is the late Winifred Holtby's **SOUTH RIDING.** Her Yorkshire scene is as broad, diverse, and full of character and characters as that county's acres. One of the great books of the year.

An important literary event was the publication of Mr. Aldous Huxley's **EYELESS IN GAZA.** It is unthinkable that anybody with a library or a collection of books should be without the latest Huxley.

If I were to have to select one book from my list particularly for a woman with a taste for fine novels I would choose **THE WEATHER IN THE STREETS** by Miss Rosamund Lehmann. This I believe to be a better book than her famous *Dusty Answer*.

The novel which I chiefly remember for its quiet and moving beauty and for writing which has the quality of music is **STRANGE GLORY** by Mr. L. H Myers. With this book Mr. Myers added to his steadily growing reputation; in more senses than one this is a literary collector's piece.

Mr. Frederick Niven has written an unforgettable novel with a Scottish setting in **OLD SOLDIER.** The central character is an Edinburgh man, a silver-polisher in a big firm of jewellers and the old soldier himself is the head of a happy family until one day something happens to change the whole pattern of their life. Mr. Niven writes with the elegance of a real poet.

GONE WITH THE WIND by Margaret Mitchell has already swept two continents. The publishers seem to agree with me that it is a grand book, full of life, excitement and tough-fibred adventure.

A novel which looks like running away into a big success is Miss Kate O'Brien's **MARY LAVELLE.** This time the action of her story moves between Ireland and Spain. Most of the critics have singled out Miss O'Brien for especial praise for this work. Assuredly a book with a permanent value.

THEY WALK IN THE CITY by Mr. J. B. Priestley is the year's biggest seller among novels. As a writer he is full value for anybody's shelf, and his wisdom and understanding need no further recommendation from me.

Nor for that matter does the latest book from the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells. **THE CROQUET PLAYER** is a ghost story with a difference, a story of impending disaster told through a vision; a story, in other words, with a purpose, by a past master of the art.

For me one of the year's most memorable novels was Miss Rebecca West's **THE THINKING REED.** It is over six months since I read this book, yet I still find myself remembering its action and quoting its characters. Exactly the right present for a discerning friend.

The first book on my list under the heading of biographies is Mr. Mark Benney's **LOW COMPANY.** This is truly an astonishing piece of work, the autobiography of a self-confessed crook, exciting as any novel, and revealing quite a remarkable literary talent.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G. K. CHESTERTON should speak for itself. His passing spells an irreparable loss to contemporary letters, and this revealing book with its breadth and scope is the man himself.

I have included Elizabeth's **ALL THE DOGS OF MY LIFE** because this deliciously witty and unique writer has chosen to weave some tantalising autobiography around the story of her dogs. Dog-lovers will adore this book but those who would rather relegate dogs to what they consider to be their proper place will find it every bit as irresistible.

"THE HON. HAMILTON AND LADY MARGARET CUFFE, 1876": The former, who later became fifth Earl of Desart, wrote in conjunction with his daughter, Lady Sybil Lubbock, a most entertaining volume of reminiscences and these have just been published by Messrs. Jonathan Cape under the title of *A Page From the Past*. Below—Desart Court, County Kilkenny, which was destroyed during the Irish Rebellion—a bitter blow for Lord Desart, who was greatly attached to the place

A book of memoirs which gave me a great deal of pleasure was Dame Laura Knight's **OIL PAINT AND GREASE PAINT.** It is written with such directness and unforced friendliness that the reader is charmed into a special kind of appreciation, even affection.

SAGITTARIUS RISING by Mr. Cecil Lewis was singled out for special praise by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. A fine, sensitive, and vigorous piece of work

THE WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE have now been completed in six volumes, an obvious choice for anyone for whom those years had a special or even an historical significance.

In a class by itself is **ENGLAND HAVE MY BONES** by Mr. T. H. White. It is a book for those who can approach the country and country life as something more than a literary convention. One of the few books I have re-read and want to re-read.

TRUE THOMAS by Dr. Thomas Wood is a type of intensely personal autobiography which I found wholly delightful. I remember writing that it is a "little gold mine"—and so it is.

* * *

First among the travel books I find **NEWS FROM TARTARY** by Mr. Peter Fleming. This author has a way with him. He has created a new style in travel books and I personally find his insouciance, his easy style, and the scope and type of his adventures very entertaining.

Almost by contrast **ARCTIC ADVENTURE** by Mr. Peter Freuchen is a roaring and terrific tale by a terrific man. He lived among the Eskimos, married an Eskimo wife, amputated his own foot, and has some hair-raising stories to tell.

One of the travel books I liked best was Mr. Geoffrey Gorer's **BALI AND ANGKOR.** Here is an author who takes us through strange places, making us want to go there, and describing them in a delightfully fresh and provocative manner.

Mr. Graham Greene explores the little-known Republic of Liberia in **JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS,** and it is a book which I will treasure for many qualities too numerous to set down here.

When one says that Mr. Hemingway's **GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA** is good Hemingway, one has said almost enough for the purposes of a list like this.

Last, but I think the best book in this section is Miss Freya Stark's **THE SOUTHERN GATES OF ARABIA.** I have said that this is a book to cherish: certainly it is destined to be a classic and it is one of the rare books in the list whose illustrations deserve a special mention.

* * *

In the next section I come first upon what surely must be the ideal Christmas gift book. **HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?** by the Hon. Maurice Baring is a highly individual anthology of literary gems from several languages collected, translated, and sometimes commented upon by one whose erudition is considerable, whose taste is impeccable, and who, in this book, has been particularly inspired to give pleasure to thousands.

THE OPEN AIR by Mr. Adrian Bell should be the perfect gift for anyone who can delight in the richness of English country life through English literature.

When it was published I remember noting that **MUDDLING THROUGH** by the Hon. Theodora Benson and Miss Betty Askwith, illustrated by Mr. Nicholas Bentley, was an obvious choice for a Christmas present. It is funny, it is impertinent, it is gorgeously biassed and unfair, in fact it is a book full of lovely laughs.

By contrast Miss Willa Cather's **NOT UNDER FORTY** is a serious and attractive work of literary criticism and personal reminiscence. I need not point out that Miss Cather is one of the most distinguished of living writers. This book is pure delight.

If I were to choose my own gift from my selections I would not travel much further than **ABINGER HARVEST** by Mr. E. M. Forster, who so seldom writes a book, but when he does it goes straight among my well-thumbed and best-beloved volumes.

The contemporary political scene would appear to be unfruitful ground for such light-heartedness as Mr. Geoffrey Gorer introduces us to in **NOBODY TALKS POLITICS.** A book for everyone with a gift of laughter.

PHŒNIX by D. H. Lawrence is an obvious gift for the permanent library. It contains all of that great writer's posthumous works, a great many of them hitherto unpublished.

Mr. J. B. Morton, the inimitable Beachcomber, has made a riotous collection in **GALLIMAUFRY,** in which we are re-introduced to Dr. Smart-Allick, Mrs. Wretch, Prodnose, Lady Cabstanleigh, Big White Carstairs, old uncle Sol Hogwasch and all. There is not a laugh on every page, but a score.

Last of all there is **BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,** the full text of which was found in an old croquet box in an Irish castle, and is here presented in its un-Maloneised glory in a beautifully printed edition. A gift for a connoisseur.

THE TRAGIC MUSE: A portrait of Mrs. Siddons by an unknown artist (*left*) and a self-portrait bust by Siddons herself. Two pictures from Yvonne French's life of the great actress which has just been published by Cobden-Sanderson

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THE PETROL WORLD

TESTING THE TALBOT TEN

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

OF late I appear to be very busy putting cars through their paces on the road, and the latest which I have tested is the Talbot Ten. The name Talbot always has conjured up in my mind a car with an individuality of its own and with qualities which experience in racing gives a manufacturer. I realise that the lessons learnt in the competition world eventually filter through and the whole industry benefits, but the actual participants obtain certain information from their successes, perhaps even more from their failures, which is never passed on to the outside firms. Talbot's is one of the firms that have had an extensive experience of work on the track and, although the firm has changed hands as it were, that priceless experience is still retained, and whilst I was driving one of their latest Ten models the other week-end I was conscious all the time that the fine behaviour of the car was due to a large extent to the fund of racing experience which those who produced the car gained in the past.

The car lent to me was a sports saloon and the manufacturers are certainly to be congratulated on offering the public a car of distinctive and pleasing lines. The Humber Vogue body is immensely popular and its appearance is, I think, well known to most motorists. Now the sports saloon Talbot Ten is modelled somewhat on the same lines but the body is lower and of more streamlined shape but equally, if not more pleasing than its prototype. The absence of any pillar from the wind screen almost to the extreme rear of the car gives the driver excellent visibility and banishes to a large extent that hard to describe feeling

(*Continued on page 600*)

On left—

BLAMING THE WEATHER: The scene of confusion on the Kingsbury road at Hendon, N.W., on Tuesday of last week when, owing to a sudden change of temperature, the road became covered with a thin coating of ice, making progress well-nigh impossible. Many vehicles had to be abandoned where they stood till the ice thawed

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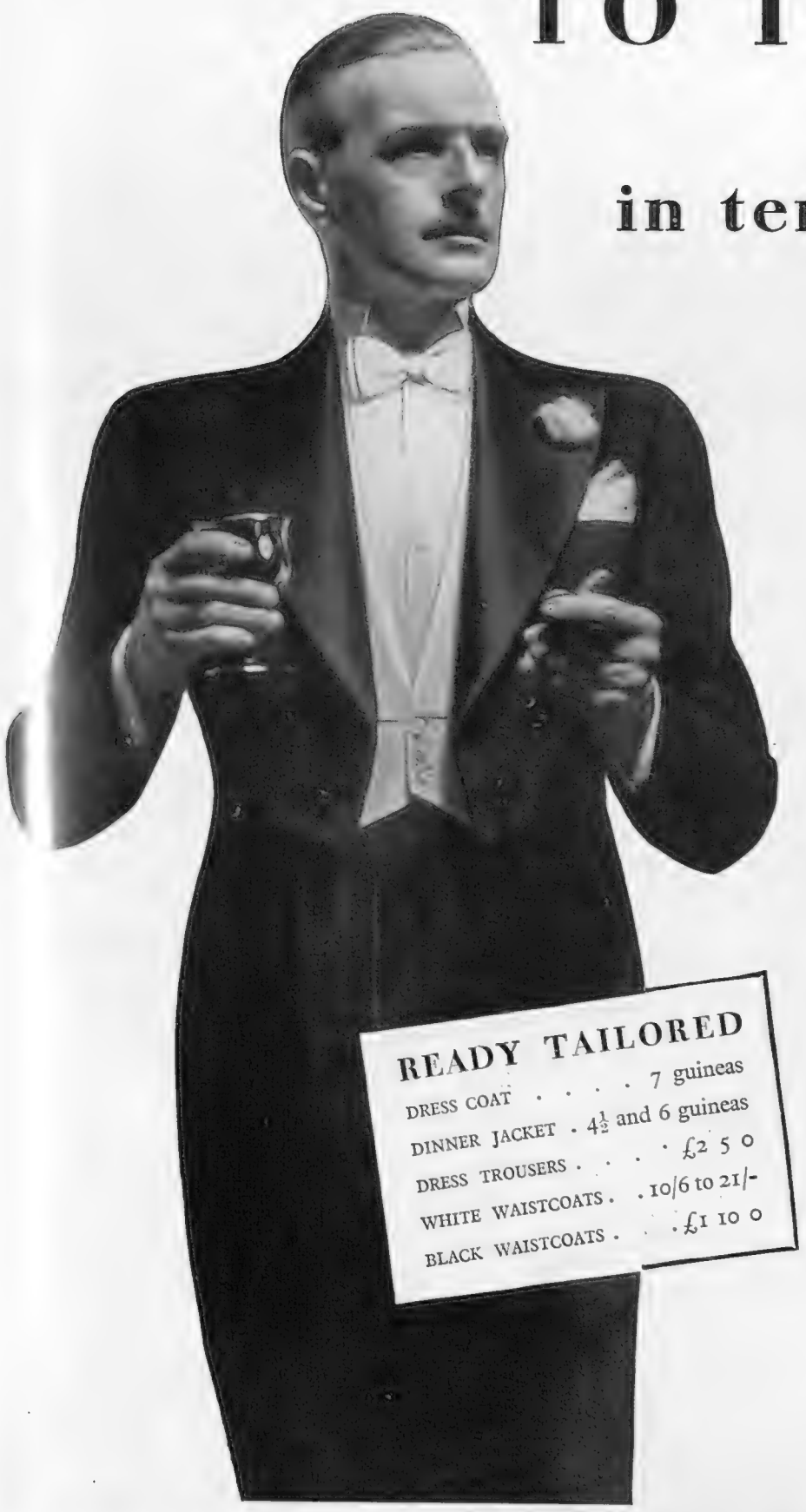

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TWIXT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC

Some Glimpses of the South American Republics

OF many astonishing things about South America, the first and perhaps the most astonishing is its enormous size. It is fifty-six times as large as the British Isles (and consider, even the journey from London to Edinburgh, when you come to do it, does not seem negligible); it is one and three-quarter times as large as Europe; it is half as large as the whole British Empire put together, and twice as large as either Australia or China.

Getting on for half of this total area is occupied by Brazil alone, a country of amazing natural wealth, the potentialities of which have as yet hardly been tapped, and of amazing beauty too, as anyone catching his first glimpse of Rio de Janeiro will realise with a gasp of astonishment.

To say that this landlocked harbour, 15 miles long and from 2 to 7 miles wide, is one of the most spectacular in the world, is a very bold way of putting it. But think of all the good harbours into which you have ever sailed—Palermo, Naples, the approach to Istanbul—and multiply their impressiveness about tenfold, and you will begin to understand what people who have been there mean when they rave about Rio. The view from the sea, with that background of mountains, sheer and fantastic (the "Sugar Loaf," Corcovado, Tijuca, and the curve "Fingers of God" of the Organ Range, 30 miles away), is too well known to call for description here. Suffice to say it is a fitting climax to the pleasant fortnight's trip from England, with the air growing a little warmer, the sun a little brighter every day.

When you have landed, when you start going about the city, then at once it dawns on you that this is indeed another continent. There is something in the atmosphere of the place that makes it quite different from anywhere else; something at once exuberant and voluptuous, youthful, with the vitality of a young nation. You are half way, as it were, between New York and old Portugal.

It is a big city: there are five miles of white marble promenade along the sea front, for instance; a healthy city: trade winds freshen the air, and the temperature in summer rarely rises above 90 deg. Fah. or falls in winter below 60 deg. Fah. (the seasons are inverted, their winter being our summer); there are vast buildings, splendid avenues up and down which the most luxurious looking motor cars imaginable pursue their way. To get some conception of Brazil's actual wealth you have only to walk the length of three streets—the Avenida Rio Branco, where most of the official buildings and the banks are situated; the Rua Ouvidor, which is the chief shopping thoroughfare, and the Avenida Beira Mar, where the richest citizens have their villas, and where the palm trees and the bougainvillea flourish as riotously and luxuriously as on a musical comedy backcloth.

The second largest city of Brazil is Sao Paulo, about 200 miles to the south of Rio de Janeiro. You can go there either by boat, to the port of Santos, and then 50 miles by train, or else direct by train. It is worth a visit for anybody who is interested in questions of Brazilian trade, for with its million inhabitants it is rapidly becoming the commercial capital of the whole Republic.

From a general point of view the third city, Bahia, about 700 miles to the north of Rio, is perhaps more attractive, for it retains many of the traces of its former greatness when it was capital of Brazil. That was before 1763, and it was actually founded as long ago as 1510. There are a number of extraordinarily fine buildings there dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But in the north the finest city of all is Para, ninety miles from the mouth of the Amazon. This is one of the ports of call on the remarkable "Amazon Cruise" that an English steamship company runs, and which goes right up as far as Manaos, 1,000 miles inland. It offers the best possible and practically speaking the only introduction to the vast hinterland of Brazil that is for the most part unexplored jungle, inhabited by Indian tribes of whom next to nothing is known.

On the eastern side of the South American continent there are two other countries with which the visitor from Europe is likely to make contact on a "round trip": Uruguay and Argentina. Uruguay is sandwiched between Brazil and Argentina like a dwarf between two giants. Montevideo is the capital and is a lively, attractive town, with a marvellous climate. Within easy reach are a number of pleasant resorts, notably those of the sea-coast between Montevideo itself and Maldonado, about a hundred miles to the east.

Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, is not so very far away from Montevideo, being also situated at the mouth of the River Plate, only on the southern bank, and a certain distance farther inland. Although the position of Buenos Aires was determined as far back as the early sixteenth century it is essentially and in every respect a modern city. Nowhere else in the world has responded more vigorously to the spur of the age in which we are living. Since 1880, for instance, its population has increased from 300,000 to something over the 2,000,000 mark, and you have to look hard to find any important building that is older than the beginning of the present century. This is an amazingly dynamic place, and amazingly stimulating to live in, the people who have made their homes there will tell you.

It is from Buenos Aires that one sets off on the great Transandine journey to Valparaiso—perhaps the most romantic railway journey in the world (even though at present part of it has to be undertaken by motor car). The descent into Chile is amazingly spectacular, both at first, as the train winds among snowy peaks and giant rocks, and also later, when the land of sun and flowers is reached.

Valparaiso enjoys the courtesy title of "Queen of the Pacific," and it is indeed a gay, colourful city, with lovely glimpses of sea and mountains. But Chile is admittedly a long way from home, and not every English traveller can seek his pleasures so far afield. S. S.

Below—RIO AND ITS GLORIOUS HARBOUR: Looking across the city from Corcovado Peak to the Sugar Loaf. Away on the left is Botafogo Bay

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

"Somewhere Quiet for Christmas"—A Few Suggestions in Reply to Readers' Letters

DURING the last six months I have noticed what a large proportion of my correspondence is with those who are desirous of finding somewhere which is quiet. "A quiet Christmas," "Somewhere quiet in London," "A small, quiet hotel by the sea," . . . and so on. There are many who would avoid the hotel which caters for the "bright young thing." There are many more who avoid like the plague what I will term the "wireless-stricken hotel." Jazz in the lounge at meals—even in summertime relayed to the grounds. When will some hoteliers realise that wireless is only an essential asset to an hotel when restricted to a room or corridor set apart for its reception.

There is one particular offender I have in mind in this respect. He owns a lovely country-house hotel. The family portraits of its original owners gaze down from the walls with disgust at the new owner fiddling with a crackling wireless set "for the benefit of his guests."

Fortunately there are many hotels which I can recommend which are "quiet" without being deadly . . . where in place of no music, no dancing, there prevails an atmosphere of "comfort and calm" which is the special and aptly fitting slogan of the Granby Hotel, Harrogate.

Here is an hotel which in its own particular class ranks as very first-class. There's no music, but a good deal of musing on the excellence of the English fare, for the Granby is one of the principal headquarters of specialised English cooking. No tinned or twice cooked food is ever served. Like Simpson's in the Strand, the joint is trolleyed in and carved before you. Its wine list only lists authentic wines. Though fully licensed, it deliberately does not pander to the modern vogue of installing the ultra modern cocktail bar . . . yet you can obtain there in the comfort of your own suite, private sitting room, or in one of the comfortable lounges, a speciality cocktail which could get many an experienced cocktail shaker guessing.

The service is quiet and calm. The head waiter superintends but never shouts, and such is the prevailing atmosphere of calmness throughout the hotel that would-be complainers find themselves, before long, making quite unsolicited compliments about the Granby and its management. Mrs. W. Crossman, the managing director of the Granby Hotel, Harrogate, has demonstrated how it is possible to cultivate an atmosphere of comfort and calm, and yet not breed at the same time the germs of dreariness.

An hotel can be quiet and yet be kept up to date. The Granby has probably more private bathrooms in proportion to bedrooms than most hotels of its class. It has an unusual number of private suites and most of them are occupied the whole year round. Always money is being spent on improving the hotel, and before very long I expect to hear of the complete redecoration and relighting of the Granby dining-room on modern yet "quiet" lines.

Mrs. Crossman is an enthusiastic member of the Anti-Noise League, which has in Lord Horder a most virile chairman. No one appreciates better than Lord Horder the importance of "quiet," and the quarterly magazine of the League covers a host of subjects, though naturally the one which has my special interest is that which deals with quiet as regards hotels.

There are many hotels which subscribe to, and actively interest themselves in the work of the Anti-Noise League, and only last week my attention was drawn to a very excellent booklet which described Glen O'Dee, "the first Rest Hotel faultlessly equipped and set in flawless surroundings at Banchory in Kincardineshire, 18 miles from Aberdeen." To this picked spot eminent medical men are sending their patients to recuperate, rest, and if need be, have medical or nursing service at a charge that will not exceed a guinea a week over and above the hotel charges, which range from £6 6s. 0d. a week.

Mark you, Glen O'Dee is neither a Private Hospital nor a Nursing Home. It's an hotel in the fullest sense; you can go there perfectly well and come away feeling even better, for you will find perfect scenery and perfect quiet in addition to first-class hotel service.

And whilst on this subject of "quiet" I must mention the new booklet issued by the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells. It is entitled *And Here is Peace* and the opening page goes on to say, "peace to comfort the wrong, to charm the anxious, to heal the ailing. A green oasis to make our visitors at peace with themselves and the world".

If you know the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells you will appreciate the vocabulary definition of "quiet" which is, "in a state of rest, not worried, calm, rest, repose, tranquillity." At the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, you can enjoy quiet and yet, as their booklet shows, not be dull in the process.

People coming home from overseas are particularly appreciative of quiet country hotels. Maybe I can help them in finding that ideal spot prior to their homecoming in 1937.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

Mistletoe now stands as a symbol of plenty. Originally it was held sacred by the Druids, who regarded it as a gift from heaven and gathered it with golden knives.

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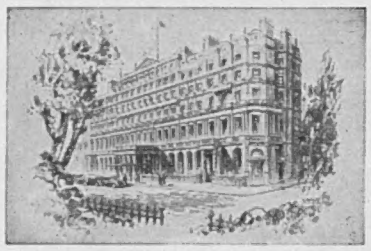

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"I can very strongly recommend it." *ASHLEY COURTENAY*

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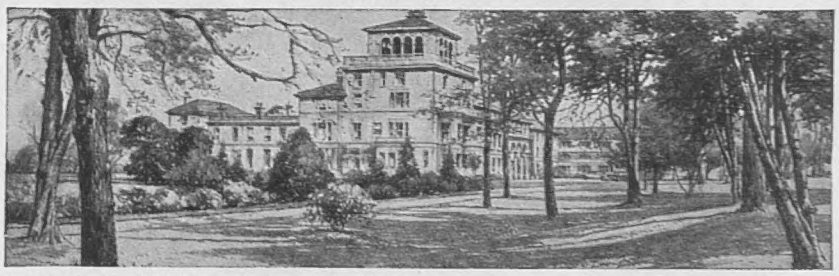

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THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from page 594)

of oppression which one usually experiences whilst driving in a saloon. Two doors are provided but these are amply wide and the folding back of the front seats allows the back passengers to get in and out of their compartment with the utmost ease. The driving seat is an example of almost perfect positioning. I found myself sitting just at the right angle for comfort and for vision, whilst all the controls were "get-at-able" without any leaning forwards or sideways.

As regards the actual performance of the car I was greatly impressed. The first point, however, which struck me was the perfect way in which the car held the road. I purposely took liberties at corners and never once did I find the slightest tendency for the car to deviate from its appointed path. The steering was easy yet certain, and the brakes were well above the average. Having, therefore, a car which I could trust to obey my will as regards the place where I wished to put it on the road, and when I wanted it to stop, I felt fairly confident in letting the engine show its abilities. With three up and quite a respectable amount of luggage, over 70 m.p.h. was registered on the clock. Even at this comparatively high speed the car was as pleasant and as easy to control as when it was doing 30 or 40 m.p.h. The power unit and the transmission are both as sweet as could be wished. No irritating "period" showed itself and there was no tendency on the part of the engine to become fussy or busy.

Naturally, with such a small engine, the capacity being just under 1,200 cc. the gear-box has to be used, but it is a nice gear-box and the gear lever is a sheer joy to operate. The gears are remarkably quiet and, being equipped with synchromesh on all four forward speeds, changing up or down is just child's play. Summing up, I doubt if there is a more pleasing motor car in its class to-day and I feel certain that any owner of a Talbot Ten will not only get to his appointed destination in really quick time with extreme safety but he will also derive the greatest joy in driving.

Mr. Gordon Stewart, though perhaps not so well known as Lord Nuffield, plays a very prominent part in British motoring. I think I am correct in saying that Mr. Stewart sold the first car that Lord Nuffield produced for sale to the public, and he has been selling Morris cars ever since, his firm, Messrs. Stewart and Ardern, being probably the biggest distributors of Morris cars in the world. Mr. Stewart has two other great interests in life, one is to make motoring, and in fact life itself, safer year by year, and the other is the breeding of dogs. As might be expected being such a prosperous business man both these hobbies, if I may use that word, are equally successful. I do not believe anyone in this country is more sincere or spends more time or money or produces better results in the safety campaign than Mr. Stewart. The other day at a luncheon he inaugurated what he calls the Coronation Year children's safety crusade.

Unlike most organisers he is not content with saying what he is going to do, but he informed us that already there was a fleet of public address vehicles, and that records specially made for the crusade are already being distributed. In many other ways the crusade will be carried on and if anyone is of the opinion that such an effort is not required, I might mention that one child is killed every half-hour of the twelve-hour day and one injured every half-minute. These figures, as well as Mr. Stewart's crusade, do not apply only to the road, but to every circumstance in life where accidents can occur. I am quite convinced that this crusade is one which every right-thinking citizen should support with hard cash, and in this connection it is interesting to know that the Government themselves are contributing £5,000 which, as Mr. Hore-Belisha said at the luncheon, is the first occasion that the Government, as the Government, have ever contributed to a fund which has been raised by a private individual. Lord Nuffield also spoke at the luncheon and in his usual generous manner promised to double the highest individual subscription received during the ensuing week.

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Everyone deplores the disastrous fire at the Crystal Palace, and there is sadness at the thought that this great landmark has now gone for ever. Needless to say those personally interested in the Palace felt the blow in a practical way, and at one time it was thought that the new road-racing circuit which is to be built there this winter would not be started. It was a great relief, therefore, in the motor racing world when it was learnt that the fire would have no immediate effect on the new venture, and this was proved abundantly by the fact that the ceremony of cutting the first sod was duly performed on the appointed day, December 3. I was fortunate enough in being able to drive round the circuit, though naturally the journey was rather hectic for the course is in its virgin state, except that the undergrowth had been cleared away. Londoners and those living in the Home Counties will not only be able to see motor racing at the Crystal Palace, but Brooklands too will be staging such events on its new road course. In case there are people who imagine that because Brooklands is building a road circuit the races on the outer and mountain courses will no longer be staged, I would like to make it quite clear that next year the road events will be additional fixtures, and that the popular racing on the track will continue as heretofore.

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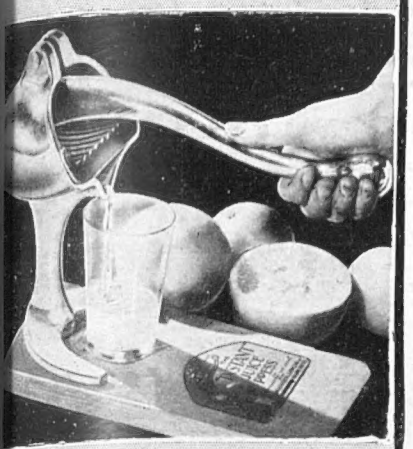

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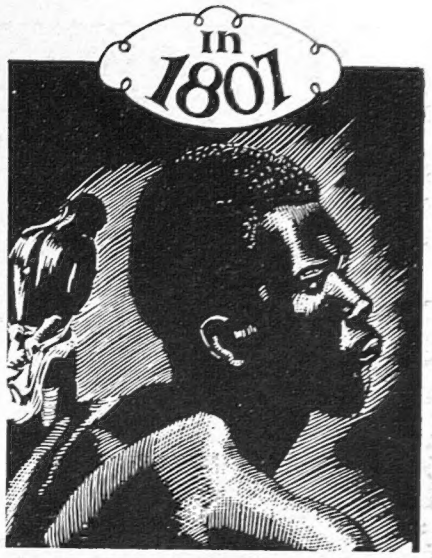

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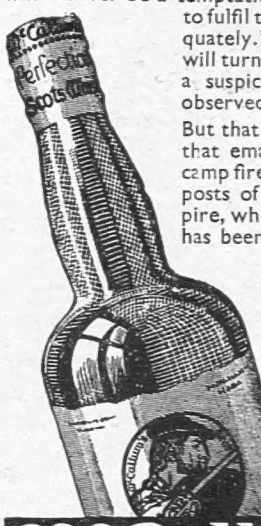

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